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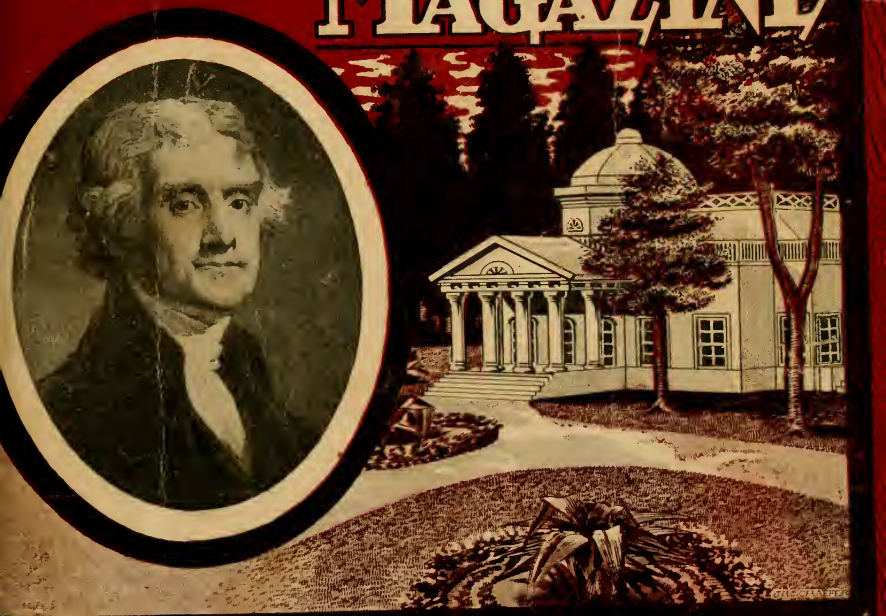

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Every American, and especially every Southerner, will be thrilled when he reads Mr. Watson's story of the conquest of Texas in "The Life and Times of Andrew Jackson". Mr. Watson is an anatomist of motive. His rare ability as an historical surgeon is nowhere exhibited more strikingly than in the May number of his Magazine.

In his discussion of Socialism, Mr. Watson has already shown that the Socialist ignores the natural traits of human nature, and he now points out that Socialism is radically antagonistic to that natural love of locality which is common to fishes, birds, animals and human beings. In declaring that a man shall not own his home, the Socialist is fighting against Nature.

It is an elemental human trait to become attached to some particular place, and out of that characteristic springs what we call patriotism, one of the strongest passions known to man. It is the reason why "Home, Sweet Home" is sung in hall and cottage, and by the camp-fire, all around the world.

The Socialists, says Mr. Watson, ignore this trait. They go upon the idea that we are all stopping at a big hotel, and can be shifted from room to room, at the will of the proprietor. No one can call his room his own, and no one cares. The absurdity of such an idea is clearly shown by Mr. Watson's argument.

In Watson's for May, the practical outcome of the editorials on Foreign Missions will be developed, and we shall see the laying of the foundations for a great Home Mission movement in the South. Every pulpit in the land will be ringing with it, before long.

You can do us a great deal of good by simply talking about Watson's, and what's in it, to your friends and acquaintances. Make it a point that your newsdealer, from whom you buy your miscellaneous literature, shall keep Watson's. If we have no active agent in your neighborhood, give us the name of some reliable person, and we will make it to his interest to handle our publications.

Remember always that we cannot supply back numbers of Watson's. The demand each month has been far greater than the supply, although we have allowed the amplest margin.

JAMES LANIER,
Business Manager.

Thomson, Ga., March 15, 1910.

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Vol. 4 APRIL No. 4

MR. AND MRS. THOS. E. WATSON ..... *Frontispiece*

EDITORIALS—

SOCIALISTS AND SOCIALISM 269

KOWTOWING TO THE POPE—HEARST AND BRISBANE 277

PAGES FROM MY BOYHOOD DIARY *(No. 2)* 282

MEMORIES *(A Poem)* ..... HENRIETTA LISK 286

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON 288

NEVER COMES SPRING *(A Poem)* ..... GRACE KIRKLAND 300

SURVEY OF THE WORLD ..... TOM DOLAN 301

THE SPHINX *(A Poem)* ..... JOHN E. ROSSER 312

MY SON *(Conclusion)* ..... CLARA DARGAN MACLEAN 313

HISTORY AND PROGRESS OF MERCER UNIVERSITY ..... DR. R. J. MASSEY 319

SPRING *(A Poem)* ..... HELEN DE LACY CONWAY 323

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THINGS ..... ALICE LOUISE LYTLE 324

A GEORGIA CAMPMEETING IN TOM WATSON'S COUNTRY ..... REV. JAMES W. LEE 327

APRIL *(A Poem)* ..... JAKE H. HARRISON 331

UPPERVILLE'S CAVALRY BATTLE ..... COL. N. G. SAUSSY 332

TO HER *(A Poem)* ..... FRANK E. ANDERSON 336

WHERE IS GORDON NYE? 337

THE DARK CORNER *(Serial)* ..... ZACH MCGHEE 340

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT 347

BIBLE MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT ..... MRS. C. E. KERR 351

COMMUNICATIONS 353

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MR. AND MRS. THOS. E. WATSON

WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE

Vol. 4 April, 1910 No. 4

EDITORIALS

SOCIALISTS AND SOCIALISM

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Chapter VII.

IN the preceding chapter, the natural beginnings and growth of private property were described. If you have read and considered it, you will have seen how absolutely necessary the system was to the maintenance and support of the tribe. When writing of those ancient origins, I had not happened to see a note which Marx put on the margin of page 205 of his first volume. (Translation of Ernest Untermann.)

"In *the first stone* which he" [the savage] flings at the wild animal he pursues, *in the stick* that he seizes to strike down the fruit which hangs above his reach, *we see the appropriation of one article for the purpose of aiding in the acquisition of another,* and thus discover *the original of capital.*" *"An Essay on the Production of Wealth"*, by R. Torrens. [Italics mine.]

Unwittingly, Karl Marx and his Colonel Torrens bear witness to the correctness of my position, which is, *that there is nothing wrong in Capitalism, ITSELF.*

These would-be philosophers trace their dearest foe, capitalism, back to *the stone with which the savage kills a wild animal*, and thus obtains food for himself and kindred; *to the stick which brings wasting fruit to appease human hunger—AND THEN HAVE THE*

ASTOUNDING OBTUSENESS TO ARGUE THAT CAPITALISM IS WRONG, IN ITSELF! Mercy on us! how one-sided these doctrinaires become, when laboring to find facts to support absurd theories! The savage who picked up a rock, and struck down a wild hog with it, *was the original capitalist*, was he?

Marx is quite rapturous in quoting R. Torrens to that effect. He calls Torrens' discovery of the original capitalist, "*a wonderful feat of logical acumen.*" Well, who *besides the hog* was damaged by the use of the rock? Wasn't it a good thing for the tribe to have its food-supply increased, in that manner? Was the tribe injured when "*the original capitalist*", whose stick brought down grapes, or nuts, added these luxuries to the provisions of the tribe? How was "Society" damaged when these *original capitalists* learned how to make spears, javelins, stone hatchets, fish-hooks, bows and arrows, *and thus enormously increased their capacity for securing the flesh and hides of wild beasts, for food and clothing and tents?*

Here was capitalism in full blast, according to Marx and his "wonderful" Colonel Torrens. Wasn't the tribe all the better off, on account of it?

Then, when these *original capitalists* learned how to use boats and nets, traps and pitfalls, to capture a vastly larger quantity of fish and wild animals, with very much more ease, *capitalism was going at tremendous speed* —in comparison with Colonel Torrens' rock and stick throwers. But can you see wherein this capitalism was doing any harm to "Society"? When axes were used to fell trees, and implements employed to produce grain and vegetables, the capitalists had made another tremendous leap *onward, AND UPWARD.*

And so on, at each successive step, *in the natural process of evolution.* It was only when *Government and Legislation interfered with the normal operations of capitalism*, that an Iliad of woes came to curse mankind.

Let us return to Surplus Value.

The very first thing which occurs to the mind of a thinker is, that Karl Marx involved himself in a contradiction in terms. There may be different kinds of value—such as value in *use*, and value in *exchange*—but there cannot be a *surplus* to either kind. One might as well speak of the *surplus* of water in a pitcher that is *full;* or of a surplus in the exactly measured yard of calico. The *value* of an article is like a circle, or a square, or a right angle: it is complete in itself, and admits of no such thing as addition or subtraction. One circle may be large, and another small: one square may be an inch; another may be a mile: but, whether big or little, each circle and square *is perfect.* In like manner, the same commodity may have an increase or a decrease in price, as it passes from one owner to another; but in each valuation there is a full expression, a perfect measure of *value* in exchange.

Alter the curve of the circle the least bit, (without a corresponding change all round) and you may have enlarged or diminished the space within it; but you will have lost your *circle.* Value is equally incapable of changing its quantity and at the same time holding its *name.*

There cannot be more or less than a *circle*, in a circle; and there cannot be more or less of value, in *value.* You may change an article for less than its true value, or for more; but when you speak of *what its value really is*, you cannot, in the same connection, *add* or *subtract.* The moment you make a change, you *have lost what you are talking about.*

Karl Marx took for his main illustration the production of cloth in a cotton mill. How did he come to find any surplus of value in the cloth, over and above expense of production? By

omitting from his line of reasoning the controlling elements of *mental management;* interest on *stored labor*, (represented by the plant) and *special legal privileges*, enjoyed by the capitalist.

Let us Americans content ourselves with an American example which will prove the utter fallacy of the Socialist argument for Surplus Value.

We will take a New England factory which manufactures cotton or woollen goods. The owner lays in raw materials, and the laborers spin and weave it into cloth. The employer sells the finished product at a certain price. What enables him to get much more for the cloth than the labor cost and the wear of machinery? He is justly entitled to interest on his money tied up in the plant, and, it is perfectly fair to allow him compensation for mental management. But is it not evident that *he derives the greater portion of his prodigious profits from legislation*—legislation which protects *him* from foreign competition, while *immigration from all over the world competes with his employees?*

Does a tariff of 165 per cent. on blankets have nothing to do with the spinners' profits? Do tariff duties, ranging all the way to 158 per cent. on cotton fabrics, have no part in piling up fortunes for the monopoly lords?

But Karl Marx, and Socialists generally, take no account of such all-important factors in fixing values. How, then, could their reasoning be other than fallacious?

A writer in the *Weekly People* undertakes to teach me what Surplus Value is. (I understand that he is Mr. DeLeon, translator of Herr Bebel's nasty book, "Woman Under Socialism" *—the translation being a gross insult to every virtuous woman in America.)*

He supposes that I employ "100 niggers" to work for me, in the cultivation of my lands; and he makes the point that after these "100 niggers" and all other expenses are paid, there remains to me *a profit*, on the year's business. This alleged profit, confuses him, and he calls it, *Surplus Value.* In fact, I do not operate a wage farm at all. My lands are rented out. *They represent my earnings, as a Laborer.*

Ever since I was sixteen years old, these hands have been bread winners. Neither land nor money, nor other thing of dollar-value came to me by inheritance. As to gifts, none were ever offered; nor would any have been accepted, had they been tendered.

My feet have beaten the dreary path of job-hunting. My hands have held the plow-handles, the scythe, the axe and the hoe. My eyes have been wet with the salt tears of desolate poverty. My body has been tortured by pains brought on by physical exposure. I have slept on straw, under the pines, with no other covering than the tree-tops; no other lights than the twinkling stars. And never in my life have I even thought of asking any other man for a blessed thing, save a temporary credit, a brief hospitality, and a chance to get into the battle-line of life.

When it came to choosing a wife, I did not go heiress-hunting. I courted a girl who was as poor as myself; and I knew that I had wedded unspeakable riches when she became my wife.

We both worked hard: she, to make the Home; I, to win the Battle. For nearly thirty years we toiled—the one, as Breadwinner: the other, as Helpmeet. Lawyer, lecturer, author, editor *—I owe everything to Labor.* The man doesn't live who has striven more steadily, conscientiously and intensely to earn what was paid him for the service.

These earnings, I invested in land, paying fair prices, either in the competitive public auction, or in the competitive private sale.

Now, then—let us reason together. A negro comes along and wants to use,

for a year, my "congealed labor", represented by forty acres of land. Why shouldn't he pay me for it? If I get the benefit of *his* labor, for a single hour, I must pay him. Isn't turn about fair play?

I toiled and moiled for thirty years to get that land. Often, I rode all day in the cold and the rain, to earn a fee of two dollars and fifty cents. Many and many a time, the reaction, after the strain of a big law case, brought on illness that laid me up for days. But I rose up and pressed on again, storing up my wages in land, so that some time I might have a competence, and could devote my time to books and to writing, as I have been doing these latter years. Has the negro who wishes to use, for his exclusive benefit, some of my stored up Labor, *any more equitable right to get it free of charge, than I have to demand that he, gratuitously, chop cotton for me?* My labor, *done in the past*, is as sacredly mine, as his capacity to chop cotton is to him, *in the present.*

We are both laborers; my land represents what my employers paid me, just as the dollar that I give him for a day's work stands for my employment of him. The negro is under no compulsion to use *my* land. Competition to get tenants is so keen, in Georgia, that the negro is practically master of the situation. (Some of Georgia's best farms are vacant, for lack of tenants. It is so throughout the old South.) We have to advance money for them to pay them out of "scrapes" into which they have been led by mean whiskey and bad passions: we have to pay whatever debts they may have contracted during the preceding year: and we must lend them more cash at Christmas, after they have frolicked away what they had made during the year. *If I don't get the tenant by doing things of this kind, some other landowner will.*

So notorious has become the uncertainties of land rents; so heavy are the taxes; so great the expense of keeping buildings, etc., in repair; and so great is the waste of soil by the botch-work cultivation of the tenants, that *investors, seeking sure and handsome profits, seldom buy farms.*

In December, last, I sold 160 acres of improved land for less than $5. per acre—land which was bought by me at public sale some ten or fifteen years ago, for a trifle less than the price for which I sold it. The buildings on the place could not be duplicated for what I paid, nor for what I got for the land. *Therefore, the land itself cost me nothing when I purchased, and fetched me nothing when I sold.* And why did I sell? Because the rental was paying me less than 8 per cent. net, on the money invested—and even at that the tenant left, because he found a place which suited him better. The farm was "lying out," as so many are in the South, in New England, and even in New York State. *Within a hundred or so miles of the roaring Babylon of America, are farm lands that have lain untilled for the last ten years.*

Many farmers in the cotton belt prefer to rent, rather than own land, although they are able to buy. What is the reason of this? The tenant escapes the State tax, the County tax, the special School tax, the cost of repairing houses, of digging and curbing wells. The responsibilities of proprietorship do not burden him. If fire destroys buildings, fences and timber, it's nothing to him. If land is washed away in freshets, or practically ruined for several years by being plowed when too wet, it isn't any concern of his. If another tenant dies during the year, leaving no one to finish the crop, the heavy loss is that of the landlord—as it is when the mule departs this life; and when the tenant fails to make enough produce to pay rent, supply bill and guano account.

These are a few of the reasons why some farmers, able to buy, never do. Besides, *they get the benefit of the com-*

petition among landlords for good tenants; and they enjoy the advantage of having many farms to inspect before deciding which to rent.

I cite these undeniable facts for the purpose of proving to the satisfaction of all unbiased minds, that farm rents are not too high. And the further fact, equally indisputable, is that farms can be bought for less than the improvements are worth. This is true of the Old South, of New England and of New York itself.

Consequently, *land*, by the million of acres, can be had *free of charge*. Even the most violent Socialist must admit that *another man's betterments* on the property should be paid for, when title to the land passes from seller to buyer. Well, *for less than the value of the improvements, hundreds and thousands of farms can be secured throughout our Southern country.*

And this fact is further proof that rents, in agricultural communities, are not too high.

Now, then: the tenant and I come to an agreement as to what my forty acres will be worth to him for one year. He has looked at other places, heard the offers of other land-owners, and rents from me because, in his judgment, my terms and my farm are better than the others. If this were not so, he would not rent from me. He works my land, not on account of love for me, but because of a tender consideration for himself. With only a nominal supervision, he prepares the soil, plants his crop, cultivates and gathers it. He brings me a thousand pounds of lint cotton to pay the rent. The remainder of all he produces is his property—say, five or six more bales of cotton, a hundred or so bushels of corn, fodder in proportion, some peas, potatoes, sorghum cane, and cotton seed.

How would you go about finding "surplus value" in any of that negro's crop? He and his family worked together, and for themselves; and they sell their produce at full market price. Evidently, we must look elsewhere for the "surplus value". Did *I* get it? Let us see: the negro brought me two of his bales of cotton, one thousand pounds: he could not have made his crop without the use of my "congealed labor", the land: therefore, my labor co-operated with his to produce the cotton and corn. Consequently, *Labor hogs the whole output*—no surplus value in sight at all.

But suppose it had been a case where a typical capitalist invests his money in land, for the purpose of deriving a revenue from it—whereabouts would the surplus value be located? The renter gets the use of another man's property, and he pays what he thinks it is worth. *He buys*, for one year, the land which the labor of others has *made into a farm*, supplied with a dwelling, outhouses, etc. He makes this trade, *just as though he were buying from the livery stable the use of a turn-out.* And it is just as unreasonable to contend that the purchaser should not pay a fair price, in the case of him who *buys the use of the land*, as it would be to argue against payment for the liveryman's horse and buggy.

But suppose that wage-hands are hired, and that the land-owner farms his land himself, will there be a surplus of value in the crop? The Socialists answer "Yea", and locate it *in the difference between cost of production and selling price of product.*

They contend that the wage-hands are entitled to all that their labor produced, over and above the actual expenses.

But what about a reasonable interest on the capital invested? And what about skill of management, executive ability, *the wisdom gained in the costly school of experience?*

The Socialist argument leaves these entirely out of the reckoning. And why? *Because they demolish the Marxian theory of Surplus Value.*

That which is left to the landowner,

after all expenses are paid, is interest on investment and compensation for management.

The mental element, *management*, is the soul of enterprise. In every business, the Boss is indispensable to success. *Somewhere*, must be the master mind, the guiding hand, the captain of the ship. Change of managers makes or mars: exchange *good*, for *bad* judgment; or experience, for ignorance—*and away goes the profit.*

A Harriman assumes command of the Pacific railways, and those bankrupt, rundown, ramshackle "elephants" *immediately* respond to the touch of the master hand.

A Pulitzer buys the moribund New York *World*, and immediately it begins its growth toward its present colossal proportions.

On the contrary, how often have we seen a prosperous business wrecked, when it falls into hands unfitted to control it. What went with A. T. Stewart's gigantic trade and profits, when Judge Hilton took hold? What would become of Wannamaker's business if Eugene Debs were put in charge of it? The elder Hyde was succeeded by the younger—*and what happened to the Equitable?*

The fable of the vain Grecian youth who essayed to drive the chariot of the sun, teaches a profound, universal truth, which was never overlooked by anybody, until these Marxian Socialists arrived.

The farmers have a saying that "There is more in the man than there is in the land." This homely adage indicates the element of production which the Socialists ignore. A hundred negroes might toil for the Southern farmer, as DeLeon puts it; but those "100 niggers" would simply bankrupt the land-owner, *if they were not managed right.* There must be discipline, direction and judicious employment of each laborer. How many acres, *and which ones*, shall be put in cotton? How many, *and which*, in corn, oats, wheat, potatoes, etc? What kinds of seed shall be selected? What tools, implements, etc., shall be used? How shall the soil be prepared? When and how shall the planting be done? How wide apart shall the cotton rows be? Shall corn be planted in the bed, or in the water-furrow? Shall the grain be sown out of hand, or drilled by the machine? How much fertilizer to the acre, and what kind? Is the ground too wet to plow? Shall we give this cotton another working? The grass is about to take the place: where had the hands better go, first? A crisis comes, and some part of the crop must be neglected to save the rest: what shall suffer, that the remainder may be saved?

How shall the lazy hands be dealt with? How the surly? One of the men spoke impudently, and looked insolent: can you afford to notice it? One of the women "talked back", and went off with a most aggravating swagger and toss of the head: will you swallow your anger, or exert yourself to restore discipline?

One day, a McDuffie County farmer (the late James Norris) dropped into my office; and, in the course of casual talk, told me of an incident which had occurred on his plantation, a few days before. A negro woman, plowing one of his mules, became enraged against it, and she whipped out her knife, drew the mule's tongue out, and cut it in two! Shocked by the story, I asked my friend what he did to the woman. "Nothing", he replied; "I couldn't afford to do anything." It was the busiest time of the year, and a row with his negro employees would have meant the loss of the crop—*and ruin.* The negroes *all* know when this critical stage is reached, every year, and they *never* fail to make the planters feel that they know it. Over and over again, a planter has to decide whether he will submit to humiliation, or run the risk of ruining his business.

The things which I have mentioned will give you some idea of what the farmer has to contend with. Considering the case from that view point, you can readily see the overwhelming importance of *management.*

Some farmers grow poor on rich land; and others thrive on poor land. We see fathers, who were prosperous planters, followed by sons who lose everything. Farming side by side, with the same crops in cultivation, and the same kind of labor, Smith will come out ahead and Jones, behind. Why? One is a good *manager*, and the other isn't. I've known wives to take control of business, and make a good living, where the husband was letting everything go to the dogs. I've known fathers to get everything "balled up", and have seen the sons work the same land out of debt.

You have seen all these things, too; and so have the Socialists. Yet, *they frame up a theory of value which absolutely disregards so potent a factor as the mental element in production.* Experience, good judgment, business sagacity, self-control, firmness, power of initiative, perseverance, the courage of venture and the power of controlling others, were treated by Marx as *negligible quantities!* When Socialists ignore such *essentials*, how can their theorizing be sound?

There is another fatal defect in the Socialist theory. Under our system, this mental element asserts itself freely, *automatically;* under Socialism, it would have no self-assertion at all. If the elected Bosses happened not to be *wise managers*, the capable men would remain on the dead level, below. There would be no chance for business genius to prove itself, *of its own free will.*

The unquestionable fact that a business poorly managed fails to pay the cost of production: that the same business, under somewhat better management remains at a stand-still, just about earning the operating expenses; while the same business, conducted as it should be, yields large profits, *not only demonstrates the vast importance of the subtle, intangible, invisible mental-element, but ANNIHILATES THE SOCIALIST THEORY OF SURPLUS VALUE.* The selling price, over and above the laborers' wages and the wear of machinery, etc., *is the value of that mental element.* We see losses come, as the mental-element vanishes: we see a change for the better take place, as the mental-element returns; and we see net earnings increase, as the mental element improves. Could anything more conclusively prove that Surplus Value does not, and can not, exist?

Wellington said that he considered Napoleon's presence on a battlefield as equivalent to 50,000 men: the Austrian Archduke, Charles, rated the great Captain as equal to 100,000 men: they were, of course, estimating *the value of a mental element.* Exactly the same thing applies to peaceful industry and production. Considering him solely as a business man, E. H. Harriman was well worth 100,000 ordinary men, in the command of a Grand Army of Producers. Who can estimate the value of the mental element supplied to the Oil trade by such a brain as John D. Rockefeller's? What would the Steel Trust be, without the marvelous mental qualities of Gary and his colleagues? Do the Socialists believe that mental element plays no part in the Beef Trust power and profits? Could Messrs. Anybody and Everybody manage the affairs of J. P. Morgan? Four years ago, certain gentlemen, armed with $200,000 of other people's money, started out to establish a weekly paper in Atlanta. About the same time, another man commenced publishing a daily paper in the same city. All men know (I guess the Socialists can enter here) that it is enormously more difficult and expensive to establish a daily than to found a weekly. At the end of four years, the weekly

periodical is extinct, the publishing company bankrupt, and all the $200,000 gone. The daily paper, having spent possibly $300,000 is a brilliant success, and could probably be sold for $500,000, if not more. Why was the harder task accomplished? Because the necessary *mind and energy* were applied to it.

Now, let us suppose that all these men—those who failed to found the weekly publication and the man who succeeded on the daily—should be put to work under Socialism: *how could they be paid in proportion to their respective value? WHO* would, or could determine matters of that kind? Under our system, such things adjust themselves, *automatically;* how could Socialism adjust them? In free competition, the reward goes to the swiftest runner, the victory to the abler man: but where all are reduced to a common level, and "Society" destroys competition, how will the superior *mind* be encouraged and compensated?

The miracles worked by the superior intellect fail to impress the Socialists. They figure the cost of the raw materials: they add the wages of Labor: they allow somewhat for the wear of machinery—and there they halt: "this is the value: anything beyond this, is surplus, and the capitalists who get it *rob Labor.*"

The marvelous, wonder-working element supplied by thought, prudence, shrewdness, knowledge, and driving power—all acting in concert toward a definite purpose—*is a deadly antagonist to the Socialist argument*, and hence they eliminate it from the calculation. They assume that the mill-hands could successfully run the mill; that the farm-laborers could manage the farm; that the Sears-Roebuck clerks could control the Sears-Roebuck business; that the coal miners could get along and earn what Baer does, with no Baer to dictate; that the Pittsburg and Bethlehem workmen (foreigners mostly) could dispense with the Fricks and Schwabs; that the printers of the New York *World*, or on the Hearst papers, could easily make as much of a success of those publications without that element supplied by the brain—*management.*

Well, we might as well drive the logic to its natural conclusion, and argue that the soldiers of the army could win Gettysburgs, Chancellorsvilles, Gravelottes and Mukdens without the aid of generals.

Let us suppose a business in which there remains a profit, after the *management* has been paid for as a part of the expense of production: what does that profit represent? Interest on the money invested, reward for the risk of the venture, and for the sagacity which selected *the kind of business and its location.*

Some years ago, that queer old compound, Col. Mann, of Town Topics, lost $75,000 trying to introduce dressed beef into the Paris market. I heard him tell the story, and it was most interesting. He bought up the magnificent beeves of the Danubian valley: he built up-to-date abattoirs in Vienna, where the cattle were butchered and the offal gotten rid of: then he loaded a number of cars with dressed beef, duly iced, and started for Paris.

But the papers had got hold of the matter, vested interests took alarm, health authorities predicted dire calamity from those so-called putrid carcasses; *and the King of Italy stopped the train.* Col. Mann rushed to Rome, had an interview with royalty, explained that every part of the offal, etc., had been destroyed at Vienna; and finally secured permission to proceed with his cold storage beef.

But the Colonel had omitted one controlling factor from his calculation—the Parisian butcher and the marketman. In these, he met indomitable foes. They combined against "the rotten meat", jeered and hooted, and made

people afraid to buy it. In vain, the Colonel banqueted some prominent men, who gave certificates that the beef was delicious. In vain, the Colonel submitted to a hold-up and paid one of the papers $300 to publish the certificates. He was whipped, completely routed, and had to abandon the enterprise.

What better illustration could you ask, to show how much success and profit *depend upon selection of time, place, management and the character of the business?*

Thus we see beyond all doubt that what Marx calls Surplus Value, is nothing more than *a constituent part of selling price*, put there by what may be embraced in the general term *Business Ability*. That portion of value ought never to be excessive, as compared to labor cost, and *never can be, where the Law is guiltless of fettering free competition*. You can see that I state a mere truism in saying that large profits, in any venture, *allure others into it;* and thus the reasonableness of net earnings is assured, *automatically*. Of course, if the law makes for monopolies all natural rules and conditions disappear.

KOWTOWING TO THE POPE—HEARST AND BRISBANE

FOR years and years, William Randolph Hearst and Arthur Brisbane have been coining millions of dollars, in the exploitation of radical opinion. Year in and year out, they have pocketed the dollars of the laboring classes, the men of the under-world, who cheerfully supported the Hearst newspapers in Boston, New York, Chicago and San Francisco, in the belief that in Hearst and in Brisbane they had two fearless, incorruptible and invincible champions of freedom of thought, freedom of action, and equality of opportunity.

Some time ago, a change came over the spirit of the Hearst-Brisbane dream. Republican policies began to be advocated in the Hearst papers: Republican flatteries began to rain upon the once execrated radical and reformer, William Randolph Hearst. Chauncey DePew, (the villainous corporation henchman, Senator from the Vanderbilt railroads, and Life Insurance thief,) publicly and fulsomely testified to the orthodoxy and the political virtues of William R. Hearst. But the change of heart did not stop there. Political apostacy was not enough.

Having dared to publish a cartoon that was offensive to the fanatical followers of Pappa in Rome., and having dared to say a word in honor of the memory of the most recent of papal martyrs, (Francisco Ferrer,) the rage of the Catholics was kindled against the Hearst papers, and a boycott declared. Instead of making a manly combat for the freedom of the press, the right to allude to the Pope as to any other human dignitary, Messrs. Hearst and Brisbane have not only backed down, but they did it in such a way as to insult every American Protestant. Their lives were not about to be forfeited, as were those who marched to the gallows at Tyburn, or died at the stake at Smithfield. They were not in the danger which Giordano Bruno braved, when he expired in the flames before the Pope's palace in Rome. They were not threatened with the scourge,

imprisonment, or the rack: their nerve did not fail them because of dread of torture or horrible death by fire. No: *it was a mere dirty question of dollars.* Because the Romanists had boycotted the papers; because Hearst was losing subscription money and advertising patronage, their hearts turned to water, their faces whitened with fear, and they prostrated themselves, with eager self-abasement, before the enraged Romanists. Not content with unconditional surrender, they licked the feet of those who had been kicking them. Seizing upon the Fairbanks incident, they made it the text of cringing propitiation to the Pope and *of flagrant insult to every Protestant in the world!* For when, in that connection, *the Methodists* are outraged, *every Protestant* ought to feel offended.

The character of the ex-Vice-President is not involved at all, the peculiar tenets of Methodism have nothing whatever to do with the case. In that episode, *Fairbanks was a representative American citizen, a representative Protestant.* On his travels around the world he had been recognized as such, and had been accorded a most courteous and ceremonious treatment in every country that he had visited. Coming to Rome, he desires to pay his respects to the King, to the Pope, to the local Methodists. The King agrees to receive him; so does the Pope. After these engagements have been made, the politicians of the Vatican—intolerant and fanatical Italians—learn, for the first time, that Mr. Fairbanks is to deliver an address in the Methodist Church, *after having had his audience with the Pope.* Then, and not until then, there is opposition to the Pope's reception of Mr. Fairbanks.

In the editorial which was carried simultaneously in every one of the Hearst papers—Boston, New York, Chicago and San Francisco—*the facts are misstated and the record falsified.* Brisbane's first position is that Fairbanks is a man whom the American people "consider as a joke, or something worse": that the Pope probably shared in this opinion of Fairbanks; and that the Pope, therefore, "isn't to be blamed for not receiving Mr. Fairbanks."

Whatever the Pope knew about Fairbanks, *he knew before agreeing to receive him.* No new and startling developments as to the character of Mr. Fairbanks took place after the Pope had consented to the audience. *The Pope* ought to know why he refused to receive Fairbanks, after having agreed to do so: *those crafty Italians,* who manage affairs in the Vatican, ought to know why they cancelled the engagement: *Arch-Bishop Ireland* knows better than Brisbane what was the animus of that insult. All of these dignitaries of Papa's Church gave out public statements, which tallied with one another. In each of these statements, it was distinctly asserted that *the engagement was cancelled because of the discovery that Fairbanks was to address the Methodists in their Church after having had an audience with the Pope.* Doesn't Brisbane know this? Of course, he does. Why, then, should he endeavor to confuse the incident, and the minds of the people, by pretending that Fairbank's *character* had anything to do with the Pope's insulting conduct?

Papa and all of his spokesmen stated that his reception of Fairbanks, in view of the fact that the latter was to address the Methodists after the Papal audience, *would have been construed as an indorsement of Methodist Mission work in Rome.* Papa and his underlings declare that the Methodists are "*pernicious proselyters*", who have adopted "*dishonest methods*" in Rome, and who by "*taking advantage of the poverty*" of the Catholics in the Holy City, have practically *bribed a number of decadent Italians to declare that they are Methodists.*

That is an *awful admission*, coming

from the Vicar of Jesus Christ. *He lives in the largest, most splendid palace on earth, with uncounted riches all around him, and with revenues more imperial than those of any prince:* yet he says, in effect, that *there are SO MANY OF THE TRIBE OF LAZARUS, LYING AT HIS PALACE GATES, that American Methodists can take advantage of hunger, nakedness, sickness and cold to seduce Catholics from their allegiance—Catholics who are perishing within ear-shot of this living impersonator of the meek and lowly Jesus!*

The next position taken by Brisbane is even more amazing. Using capital letters to emphasize the difference between the word "refuse" and the word "invite", this great editor of the Hearst papers makes the astounding statement that the Pope "did not *refuse to see* Mr. Fairbanks, but merely *declined to invite him to call*". A statement less truthful, no printer ever had to put in type. The engagement for Fairbanks' visit to the Pope had been made: the day and the hour had been fixed. After this, Fairbanks is notified that the engagement is cancelled. How could he, without absolute surrender of self-respect, visit the Vatican, *after this affront had been flung in his face?* Would Brisbane or Hearst visit the house of a Methodist Bishop, or Baptist Minister, if, after having agreed to receive them at a certain day and hour, the Protestant clergyman should notify them that, *on account of a visit that they intended to pay somebody else*, they could not be received in the house of the Protestant minister?

The cause assigned by the Pope for his insult to Protestant America proves, of itself, that it was impossible for Mr. Fairbanks to be received, *even as a voluntary caller at the Vatican.* The point in question was, *the way in which the Methodists are conducting their mission work in Rome.* The Catholics say it is dishonest: that it is pernicious: and they denounce it. They contend, therefore, that to receive the visit of Mr. Fairbanks, or Mr. Roosevelt, or Mr. Anybody Else, who is a Protestant, when it is known that such visitor to the Vatican is to be received afterwards at the Methodist Mission, *would be construed as an approval of something which they vehemently condemn.* Consequently, had Mr. Fairbanks called, *after having had his face slapped*, he would not only have lost the respect of every Protestant in the world, *but he would have got his face slapped a second time.*

Mr. Brisbane says that Italians can not be converted to Methodism. How can he know that? Any people who could embrace Calvinism might be converted to the faith of Wesley. The Italians are Latin, just as the French and Spaniards are; and, every one who is acquainted with European history knows that France, at one time, trembled in the balance between Calvinism and papalism. *Only the utmost efforts of ruthless persecutors,—butchering men, women and children by wholesale, kept France Catholic.* In Spain, the terrible Inquisition and the auto-da-fe were all that saved the day for bigotry, superstition and Popery. *In Italy, itself, the movement begun by Luther had to be stamped out by horrible atrocities.* Brisbane knows as well as I do that neither Pope nor Cardinal, at this time, would dare venture in the streets of Rome without military escort, or special police protection. Papal mistresses and bastards, the double lives of Cardinals, the greed and corruption of the priesthood, the frightful ignorance and poverty which the Roman hierarchy have allowed to spread their tides around the vast accumulations of Vatican riches—these are some of the reasons why *the Catholic Church in Italy is only strong as a social fashion, and is reverenced by none save the squalid peasantry.*

Mr. Brisbane says: "The Pope is an

old man, undergoing voluntary imprisonment because of his faith."

How touching, if true: how shameful, if false. And it *IS* false, utterly and disgustingly untrue. What are the facts—the undeniable facts?

About half a century ago, the Pope was deprived by an insurrectionary people of his *temporal power*. The priests had so scandalously misgoverned and plundered the country, that the Italians (Catholics, mind you) rose in revolt, divorced the Church from the State, and set up a King to become the head of a parliamentary government. The Popes resented, profoundly, this loss of temporal power, and adopting the martyr-like theory that they were deprived of their liberties, have imposed upon the Catholic world the sham of imprisonment. The Pope is no more of a prisoner than Brisbane is. He parades the streets of Rome whenever he feels so inclined. He can, if he will, travel about Europe as freely as the Czar and Emperor do. How can one be a prisoner who has never been arrested, never been imprisoned, and never restrained in his perfect freedom of locomotion?

The whole thing is a papal fiction, manufactured to gain sympathy. It was bred in the same hatchery of lies that gave us those Sacred Steps, those cart-loads of the True Cross, the iron nails of the Crucifixion, those statues of the Virgin which sweated or wept, that Holy Coat of Treves and that miraculously imported house of Joseph and Mary at Lorito.

Mr. Brisbane sneers at Bishop William McDowell for calling this "a Protestant country". Possibly, the United States are not Protestant *now*, but they once were.

The coming of the English, the Scotch, the Irish, the French was literally a protest—a protest against unsatisfactory conditions in the Old World. The Declaration of Independence was a protest: the Revolutionary War was a protest: the Government created by the Fathers was a protest. Against Kings, and rule by Divine Right: against hereditary aristocracy and privilege: against Pope and priest, the union of Church and State, as well as papal claims to supreme political power—this Government is, in letter and spirit, thoroughly *Protestant*.

Mr. Brisbane concludes his amazing editorial thus: "We believe that Mr. Fairbanks, or any other outsider, sharing in demonstrations of disrespect for the Catholic religion, or the head of the Church, in Rome, needs to be taught a lesson. And we are glad that a lesson was administered."

How could Mr. Fairbanks' visit to a Methodist Church be construed as a "demonstration of disrespect" for the Catholic religion? How could it be construed into an insult of the Catholic Church in Rome? Why hasn't Mr. Fairbanks got as much right to take part in a Methodist ceremonial, in Rome, *as President Taft had to take part in the Catholic ceremonial in Washington City, where prayers were offered by Catholic priests to get the soul of the lecherous old King Leopold out of Hell's waiting-room,—purgatory?*

There is a lesson which Messrs. Hearst and Brisbane "need to be taught." And we hope that the lesson will be "administered." It is that *the publishers of papers in America can not crawl before the Pope, truckle to his Hierarchy, and outrageously insult the Protestants of America, without feeling the indignant resentment of those who know that throughout the ages the Pope, and his Hierarchy, HAVE BEEN THE BITTEREST FOES TO LIBERTY, TO EDUCATION, TO PROGRESS AND TO TRUE RELIGION.*

There isn't a liberty that we English-speaking peoples enjoy that did not cost

human blood. Noble heads were struck off at the block, because of the utterance of such truisms as are found in the bills of rights of every State of this Union. Patriots went to the stake and were burned, because they dared to challenge the right of aristocrats to ride, booted and spurred, over the common people. Soldiers soaked battlefields with their blood, dying that liberty might live. Numberless martyrs were done to death in Italy, in Spain, in France, in Germany, in the Netherlands, in England, because they claimed the right to think for themselves and worship God after the dictates of their own conscience. Had the soldier not been willing to fight and die; had the martyr not been willing to suffer tortures, and to go heroically to his death, we might, even now, be grovelling in the dust, with the feet of a Dago Pope upon our necks.

[As soon as I can complete the chapters in which Socialism is being exposed, it is my purpose to give the readers of this magazine a historical review and a critical examination of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. This will carry us back to the beginning of the Christian Era.

We will see the disciples disperse, and begin to spread the New Gospel throughout the Roman world: we will see the rise of churches: we will witness the heroic devotion of the early apostles who laid their dynamite at the foundation of paganism: we shall hear the evangel talk to the slave and to the Roman poor: we will see his finger pointed at the palace and the temple, as he thunders anathema at the pride and the guilt of paganism: we will follow the growth of this new faith, and watch the alarm which finally takes possession of the Roman Church and State. Emperors persecute; martyrs die in the arena, but the fire burns on until at length the State is in danger; and an Emperor, coldly calculating the game of politics, declares himself a Christian.

From that date, we will see organized worldliness, greed, lust for place and power, corrupt the Christian ministry. Bishops in Alexandria, Antioch, Rome, Constantinople, become more powerful than the Emperors themselves; and even the great Theodosius struggles in vain against their shackling influence.

Among all the Bishops, we will see, first, an absolute equality. Almost imperceptibly, the prestige and the preeminence of *the Roman city* transfers itself to *the Roman Bishop:* gradually, his pre-eminence grows at the expense of the others. In the course of ages, this steady, invisible growth displays itself, first in one way and then in another, until the Bishops of the Provinces cease to struggle against the usurpation of the Bishop of the Imperial City; and he becomes the great central potentate of the entire religious system.

Other ages pass by, and *this usurpation blossoms into the Papacy;* and the Father of the Church arrogates to himself supreme dominion. After this, follow not only his supremacy, but, at last, his infallibility. No longer a man, he is the Vicar of Christ,—a sacred person; a Power, before which that of Kings pale. At his word, darkness overspreads nations; and men walk as in shadows; speaking in frightened whispers, until the Interdict passes away, and the face of the sun shines again.

We shall see the Pope—the Papa—take to himself the authority to forgive sins: we shall see him establish an ante-chamber to Hell, borrowing the idea from the Jews, who, in turn, had borrowed it from the Persians. We shall see him, and his priests, *sell for a price the release of waiting souls from this purgatory:* we shall see him adopt, one after another, the gorgeous ceremonies and practices of the pagan priests. *We shall see him tax the world, and draw such rivers of wealth toward his stupendous palace as no em-*

peror ever enjoyed. We shall see him dispose of crowns, issue his orders to kings, and send forth armed legions to devastate provinces where his pretentions are defied: we shall see the Inquisition at work: the fires of the *auto da fe* shrivelling the flesh of aged man, tender youth and shrinking beauty. We will witness the sublime courage with which men at last rose up, weapons in hand, to resist the monstrous tyrannical oppression and corruption of the Roman Hierarchy.

It will be a great story, one which our forefathers knew only too well, and which their sons have forgotten only too completely. It needs to be told again, *in words that will stir the blood, and fire the heart*—for these crafty Italian priests have set their eyes upon our own free land, *and have determined that our necks shall feel the feet of the dago on our necks*, even as Germany once did,—when Luther smote the shield of Rome with his lance, and shouted his battle-cry—

"*HERE'S A COMBAT TO THE DEATH!*"]

PAGES FROM MY BOYHOOD DIARY

(No. 2)

(Written in the "Record" Book in 1875)

ONE night, while returning from down town to the Mess Hall, George West and I attempted to play a rough trick on a certain somebody. Suddenly George said two policemen were after us, and started off in a run. I didn't take time to investigate, but followed him. We went up the long hill towards the College as fast as we could click it. George was fat and he puffed and snorted like a broken-winded steam engine. Occasionally he stumped his toe and tumbled over. Then he became nearly frantic. He scrambled, and pawed the ground, and loped on his all-fours, and bellowed for me to "wait". We ran fully half a mile; and the next morning we told the boys a big one, about our hairbreadth escape from a dozen policemen.

George never got into fusses. His equanimity was not easily disturbed. While we were both from Thomson and were room-mates, he wisely kept out of my rows. Whenever I had a fight, he always stood by, calmly, and looked on. One night I told a crowd of six or eight boys that some one among them had lied. There came precious near being a small earthquake. But George was not at all excited. Jim Jones, a stalwart Senior, tried to create some fun by preventing George and me from going up stairs. I really could not comprehend the joke, and struck him in the face. We closed in, and were having a lively little tussle of it, when, happily for me, we were separated. George was as calm as a May morning. He was not ruffled in the least, as he looked on. If the struggle had continued I should have been thrashed, for Jones was nearly twice my size. But as it was, I was well pleased. For a day or two Jones had a beautiful little red spot, due East of his nose, where I hit him.

In 1872, the boys had a way of playing the roughest pranks on one anoth-

er, such as throwing water into a boy's room, or taking the slats from his bed, or balancing a pan over his door, so as to fall on him when he entered. Mr. McBride, the Superintendent, endeavored to keep order, but he couldn't. The water-throwing, especially, annoyed him, and he used the utmost endeavors to make the boys quit it. But they wouldn't. McBride told Dr. Battle, and Dr. Battle threatened to have a policeman stationed in the Hall if they didn't stop it. But even that didn't stop it.

When George and I used to go to our room after recitation hours, I generally let him take the lead, for I almost knew there was a pan of water over the door. Sure enough, just as he was entering, a basin would come down on him, with a splash, and hurt his feelings and his head, and wet his clothes and spoil his shirt-bosom and upset his serenity:—while I looked on and laughed. Then he would go out into the Hall and earnestly and laboriously try to discover who did it. But he never could. Then he'd come back and change shirts and put on another coat and dry his head on the towel; and sit down feeling disgruntled. Every now and then he would feel his head to see if the bump was rising much.

The Booker boys and Tom Burdett bunked together, and took no part in the practical jokes. They were good, orderly fellows, and they vowed they'd whip whoever threw water on *them*. Consequently, they were let alone. One night, however, when the racket was worse than usual, I got a large panful of water and crept to their room. Opening the door cautiously I saw all three of them sitting at their table studying like beavers. I dashed the water over them, slammed the door, and ran to my own room. I blew out the lamp, jumped into bed, and listened. Pretty soon I heard Tom Burdett coming down the Hall asking every one about that water. He got madder every moment. He came towards my room fairly boiling with righteous anger. He pushed open Lawton's door and growled, "Lawton, did you throw that water into my room?" Lawton earnestly said, "No." He interviewed Faulk, remarking, "Faulk! did you throw that water into my room?" Faulk solemnly vowed he did not. Next came my turn. Burdett opened the door and observed, "Watson; did you throw that water into my room?" I snored. "You needn't pretend to be asleep", continued he. I snored deep and loud. "You can't humbug me in that way", he went on to say. I snored worse than a fat drummer. Burdett was overcome, and went again to his studies, grumbling as he went.

"The Mercerian Republic"

Dr. Battle (President of the University,) devised a plan by which the boys of the Mess Hall could govern themselves. In accordance with it, we chose a President, John F. Daniel; a Judge, Mr. Ashurst; a Solicitor-General, A. A. Marshal, and other subordinate officers. Samuel Cooper was Secretary. The whole organization was soon put into running order, and Dr. Battle gave it a name. He called it the Mercerian Republic. He said it was a beautiful idea, and that it ought to work. It wasn't long before the trouble began. The boys were reported by the officers and brought before the President and he fined them easily enough; but it wasn't so easy to collect. But the first case of importance was mine. Cooper, Lawton and others had taken the key from my door and I got after them about it. After some quarreling, the key was put back into the door. This settled the matter. But Samuel Cooper was my pet dislike and to pay me off as well as possible he reported me for making a disturbance in the Hall. The trial was to take place on the coming Saturday night, and

Reynolds agreed to be my lawyer. When the time arrived, the Chapel was crowded with boys, eager and excited. Judge Ashurst took his seat, Samuel Cooper prepared his pen, and the Sheriff commanded order. The trial commenced in due form. Samuel Cooper was the principal witness against me. He swore to the disturbance. Reynolds said:—"Mr. Cooper, according to the provisions of our by-laws, a noise sufficient to create a disturbance must be 'loud, boisterous, uproarious.' Will you swear that Mr. Watson's quarreling was of this nature?" Samuel Cooper said he would. I began to be thoroughly indignant. Marshal, in proper course, followed with his speech. He said a great deal about the sacred principles of justice and the glorious Mercerian Republic. He was at that time the brag orator of the College, and every pause of his speech was filled with applause. I got mad, through and through, and although I at first had no idea of speaking on the case, I resolved to do so now. When Marshal sat down, I rose. I had thought nothing of what to say, but when I opened my mouth there rushed out a torrent of words which swept the jury right along. In a few minutes I found myself ridiculing Cooper. I said, "George West was in a few feet of where the altercation took place and he asserts it to have been attended with no uncommon fuss. But Mr. Samuel Cooper says it was a loud, a boisterous, an uproarious noise." I pointed my finger to Cooper and pronounced the swelling epithets with such a pompous, Ciceronian roll that Tom Burdett and several others burst into a laugh. I continued, "Mr. Gaulden says he heard the quarrel, but it was so ordinary that it didn't even interrupt his studies. But Mr. Cooper solemnly affirms in the presence of this honorable Court that it was a loud, a boisterous, an uproarious noise." I pointed him out again, and gave those high-stepping adjectives a still loftier toss. Tom Burdett leaned back in his place on the jury, and laughed long and loud. The whole jury followed his example. I went right on. "Mr. Andrews, whose room is opposite mine, says that he didn't hear anything at all of the fuss. But Mr. Samuel Cooper gets up here and earnestly swears upon this portly Bible that it was a loud, a boisterous, an uproarious noise." Before the sentence was completed, everybody had followed Tom's lead. Reynolds spoke ably and generously. I was cleared. There came near being a general fight. But Reynolds prevented it. Marshall resigned, and I was selected Solicitor-General. But my case ruined the Mercerian Republic. The collegiate authorities decided that self-government, among young men and boys, was a lamentable failure.

* * * *

(At the school commencement in Thomson in 1872, I had written my own speech. My second public address was made to a Sunday-school celebration while in College. I find the speech in the old "Record". The boys of today may be interested in the Sophomoric performance of T. E. W., who, in 1874, was as much of a fledgling as any of them are now.—T. E. W., March, 1910.)

For a May Celebration—Five Minutes Long
(April, 1874, Macon, Ga.)

Of all the invisible agencies which exert their silent power over the world, there is none more universal than the influence of Poetry. Wherever the finger of Nature has left its trace; wherever the chisel of Art has carved its record.—there hovers the spirit of poetry. It floats along with the fleecy cloud of summer. It wreathes its form in the midst of "the dark blue Ocean". In the May-day scene around us, it breathes from the forest trees as they crown themselves with the young

Spring garlands. It rises from yonder river as it flows with a gentle ripple by the last resting place of the dead. And where can it be found with a fresher grace than in the Sunday-school array before me? It soars aloft with every hymn that breaks upon the air. It streams from every banner that trembles on the breeze. It dwells in the smile of lady's lips, glances in the flash of beauty's dark eye, and in the curl of her raven lock it nestles in its favorite home. Thus raising its magic sceptre from every beauty of every sphere, it sways the mind with an irresistible force. But, wielded by the hand of genius, this influence may be two-fold:—it may bestow a blessing; it may entail a curse. It may be the breeze on its errand of love;—it may be the tornado on its mission of destruction.

Let us glance for a few moments at these opposing influences. To the poet whose heart rejects Piety's softening power, it is true that Nature opens her ample page. It is true that for him every flower that blooms, breathes poetry, every bird that sings, warbles poetry, every brook that murmus, whispers poetry; and he may bid them all to tune their harps for his glory. But when he has drawn them all into one form of beauty, the spirit that animates the fair creation will be the spirit of a demon. Its scornful finger will be pointed at everything holy; its mocking sneer will be directed at all that is beautiful and good; its lance will pierce the side of Jesus; and its impure gaze may penetrate heaven's innermost sanctuary. By the witchery of his genius, such a poet may throw around vice the rose-hued drapery of Romance, a garland of his freshest flowers he may wreathe for the brow of sin, and over the darkness of crime he may throw a blaze of brilliant beauty. Thousands will drink of this impure fountain, the young will be corrupted, the old will be deluded, and every year that rolls along will increase the victims of his polluted Muse.

But take the poet to whose youth the Sunday School has been a gentle friend, to whose manhood Religion has been a firm companion. Nature brings to him the same offerings which she bears to the other. The beauties of Spring and the ruins of Winter are as ready to do him service. But one advantage he has which the other possesses not. He has led his Muse to quaff of Christianity's pure waters. For her he has woven a garland from the tree of Life's green branches. Around her he has thrown the spotless robe of Holiness, and the song that she sings and the music she breathes will always be for the glory of God. As she moves forth upon the world, waving her wand of peace, passion will bow its haughty head, vice will fly from her face, and sin will vanish from her presence.

Companions of the Sunday School: there is not one of us here today who does not wish to be remembered after death. We all desire that posterity should hold us in its recollection after the grave has claimed us for its own. But what, think you, will posterity say of that poet, who has dared to take the high intellect given by his God, who has dared to take the towering genius bestowed by his Creator, who has dared to turn from their noble purposes all his high qualities of mind and heart, and to form from them a deep, lasting and ever increasing curse for his fellow men? Who would wish to possess the fame that follows such a poet? Who would dare to face the bitter maledictions which all coming generations will heap upon him? But see the reward of the pious poet. The sepulchre has closed upon him its gloomy doors. He is sleeping where "the cypress mourns and the linden waves", but "while the sun sheds a beam or the sea rolls a wave", the onward sweeping centuries will bear his fame on a

mightier wave. And ever as the pilgrims on their way to the New Jerusalem, pass by his grave, they will strew upon it the flowers of remembrance, and breathe a prayer over his ashes. He has struck with a hand of love, the chords of Israel's harp, and the strains after twining their sweet influence around the hearts of thousands in this world have floated upward to the "great white throne" of God. On earth, immortality will circle his name with her evergreen wreath of laurel. And when the moon has gone down in blood, when the stars have been stricken from the brow of night, high up above the clashing worlds, high up above this atmosphere of sin, high up in the everlasting courts of God, the saints will sing his praiss in anthems of joy, and the angels will place upon his brow the diadem of eternal happiness.

(This little speech really gave me some local fame. Bouquets came in abundantly. Fair ladies gave me smiles, sent invitations to picnics, and even told me with all sweetness imaginable that I "Must come over some night, soon". Who could refuse? I must never forget how kind Mr. and Mrs. McBryde were to me during the whole affair. He is Superintendent of the School I represented.)

The Macon *Telegraph*, May 5th, 1874, said:

"The Second Baptist Church was represented by T. E. Watson, a member of the sophomore class at Mercer University. This young gentleman, who is little more than a lad, wrote his own address, and delivered it in a most remarkable manner. While he is not a 'self-made', he is a young man who is making himself as rapidly as strict industry and earnest labor can do it."

(As a matter of fact, I had no suitable coat to wear for the occasion, and I went to motherly Mrs. McBryde, (who was mistress of the Mess Hall in which we boys lodged and boarded) and told her, with tears, I think, of my predicament. The good woman insisted that I wear her husband's Sunday coat, and after some hesitation, I accepted her offer. It may be that I had to borrow the whole suit; but I rather think it was the coat.—T. E. W., March, 1910.)

Memories

Henrietta Lisk

The rain falls drearily upon the night,
And through the open window comes the light
Elusive scent of roses drenched with dew,
But in its wake come memories of you
Who died that night.

Ah, dear, the rain falls also on my heart,
From burning eyes the tears unbidden start,
Your absence seems a living, mocking thing,
From which I strive in agony to wring
Forgetfulness and peace.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON

BOOK II.—Chapter XV.

T the present time (December, 1909,) the number of persons holding office under the Federal Government is rapidly approaching 400,000. The National Treasury is like some monstrous cheese, with a million rats devouring it. In Washington City alone, there are 2,300 negroes holding office under the Government, to say nothing of those drawing salaries from the District of Columbia. In a recent address to an audience of Washington negroes, Booker Washington made the statement that the negro office-holders of that city were drawing $5,000,000 per year from the Federal Treasury. These figures are exaggerated, but extremely significant, as giving the Afro-American's point of view. To him, the Government means an office and a salary. To hundreds of thousands of white men, it means the same thing. More lamentable still, the office means the opportunity to loot the treasury directly or indirectly. The pressure of the seekers for office upon the appointing powers, is tremendous. It killed President Harrison, and taxes to the limit of endurance such robust characters as Roosevelt and Taft. Inevitably growing out of this state of things, is the man lower down who does the real work, at the minimum salary. First Assistants, 2d Assistants, 3d Assistants, 4th Assistants, are strung out, one behind the other; and to each must be given a miniature staff of 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Assistants. Then come one, two, three and four Secretaries; and each Secretary must have *his* "head stenographer", overlording other stenographers, typewriters, clerks, messengers —about three times as many people being employed as would be found necessary in a private establishment.

But the bane of the Spoils System extends to the Army and Navy. Graft ramifies in all directions. In buying, the Government is swindled: in selling it is betrayed. Custom-house officers are bribe-takers: *one* of the Trusts, at *one* of the Custom-houses has been caught stealing $3,000,000 from the Treasury, by the use of false weights—used with the connivance of Federal employees. In all of the shops and yards where the Government has work done, the cost of a given article will be four times as much as a private citizen has to pay for the same thing.

In fact, the whole enormous pressure of the office-seeking and office holding multitude is to increase offices, increase salaries, increase expenses. Instead of having an orderly, experienced, regularly efficient corps of civil servants, such as we see in Great Britain, Germany, and France, we have a pell-mell turn-them-out, and a promiscuous put-new-ones-in, every four years. The position which may be occupied by an honest, competent, energetic man under one administration, may, under a change of Presidents, fall to some person whose "pull" is irresistible, but who has no qualifications for the office.

The Spoils System makes it practically impossible for us to have the regular administration of the Civil Service kept in the hands of those who have proven that they are honest, capable and industrious. In spite of all attempts at reform, we are still debauched by the detestable slogan, "To the victors belong the spoils".

Under the old method of selecting the nominee for the Presidency, the people were absolutely assured of a

trained statesman, of character and ability. The Jackson men destroyed the Congressional caucus, *in which the men whom the people had directly elected as their Representatives*, chose the candidate for the Presidency. The specious pretense used was that the people themselves should nominate. But they do not do so, and have never done so. Jackson himself was not the nominee of the people, but of a handful of keen, tireless, intrigueing wire-workers. True, the people elected him, *over Adams*, but that was another thing altogether. In our own day, the people do not nominate, and they have no real choice in the matter.

Politicians make their slates, and pick out the delegates to the national conventions of their respective parties; at the conventions log-rolling, bribery, promises of appointments to office, pledges to support certain measures, etc., are used by the workers for the various candidates to influence votes and win the nomination. When the victor is announced, and has been elected President, he finds that he has been mortgaged by his campaign managers; and he must either pay the debt, or face a national scandal. Sometimes he does both. For instance, a "Society" millionaire, (Van Alen,) paid $50,000 to the Cleveland campaign-fund, (1892), with the understanding that Cleveland's managers would have him appointed minister to Italy. After the inauguration, Van Alen got the commission, as per contract. But, somehow, the facts leaked out, and there was a tremendous rumpus raised about it in the newspapers. Cleveland had the thickest of hides, and he insisted that Van Alen should hold his commission. Van Alen, however, became disgusted with the situation, and resigned.

It was a notorious fact that John Wanamaker contributed $100,000 to the election of Harrison—who promptly elevated Sabbath-school John to the position of Postmaster-General. It is only fair to admit that he made a good one. The late lamented "Metoo" Platt, of New York, paid $150,000 to the same dough-bag, with the understanding that *he* was to have a place in the Harrison Cabinet. But Harrison denied that there was any such agreement, refused to make the appointment and was successfully knifed by Platt at the next election.

To elect President McKinley, it has been confessed by the Republicans that $6,000,000 were spent. To bring about the nomination of Judge Alton B. Parker, in 1904, it has been shown that August Belmont, Thomas F. Ryan and other Wall Street "Democrats" (God save the mark!) invested "big money" in purchasing delegates. (For fear that some of the Virginia delegation might escape him, Ryan himself coralled them, and hauled them to the national convention *in his private car.)* The manner in which the Republicans buy up the negro delegations from the South can hardly be termed a national scandal: it is, rather, a sickening joke.

Study these conditions, and you will then be able to trace them to their historic source—*the destruction of the Congressional caucus.* I am not saying that the old method was ideal: what I do say is, that it was very much better than the system which took its place. No Congressional caucus would have nominated General Andrew Jackson; nor such unfit and inexperienced men as General Taylor, General Harrison, James Buchanan, James K. Polk, General Grant, and R. B. Hayes.

In other words, the present method does not give the people any chance to put *the best man* into the White House. The politicians name the candidates, seeking, not the best, but the most available man. By "available", they mean "usable". When an unmanageable Roosevelt slips in, it is a political accident; and even *he* was "used" a great deal more than the general public imagines.

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Under President Washington, there

was no such thing as a "pull". The only test applied to the office-seeker was the correct test—honesty, capacity, efficiency. If a clerk in one of the Departments reviled the administration in a newspaper, he was in no danger of removal, so long as he faithfully discharged his duties.

The same rule prevailed under John Adams. However, at the very close of his term, this President had the indecency to pack Federalists into every old place that was vacant, and into every new office that Congress had created. Jefferson, in the main, followed the Washington rule, and many a Federalist retained his position. So it was during the terms of Madison, Monroe and John Quincy Adams.

But Jackson had declared, "I am not a politician; but if I were, I'd be a New York politician!" Events proved that he was a masterly strategist in politics, and that he was, to the tips of his fingers, a New York politician.

Before six months had rolled over his Presidential head, he had ousted from office a greater number of men than all his predecessors put together; and whereas nearly every one of those removed by former administrations had gone out "for cause", Jackson swept them away on account of their politics. "They are not Jackson men: off with their heads!"

The faster the old officials were displaced, the fiercer became the pressure for appointments. Naturally: the more carcasses the more eagles. "To the victors belong the spoils!" said the New York leader, William L. Marcy: and to Jackson, a military man, the maxim had the right sound. Even he almost grew frantic, at times, because of the increasing greed for office. He had cut the dyke, and the flood kept pouring in.

Some of his removals were utterly cruel and indefensible. Adams had appointed General William Henry Harrison Minister to Bolivia during the expiring weeks of his term. One of Jackson's first acts was to recall this popular soldier—who had hardly reached his post before the blow fell. To inflict such a public humiliation upon so distinguished a fellow-citizen was altogether wrong. (Jackson lived to see Harrison become President.)

Another case was thoroughly shocking. No man in public life could owe a greater debt of gratitude to another than Andrew Jackson owed to James Monroe. In every way possible, Jackson had received the benefit of Monroe's encouragement, support, and protection at the time when Jackson most needed them. According to one witness, Monroe had been at first the sole defender of Jackson's conduct in the Seminole War—his Cabinet being a unit against the General. Monroe was an old Revolutionary soldier: he had involved himself financially by giving his personal pledges to the creditors of his country; and now, harrassed by debt and debility, had gone away from his beloved Virginia, to spend his last, sorrowful days in New York City, with his daughter, Mrs. Gouverneur. Her husband held the office of Postmaster of the City. With an almost incredible lack of gratitude, to say nothing of kindly feeling for a feeble old soldier and ex-President, Jackson smote this afflicted family by ousting Gouverneur from his office. It actually makes one sick to the soul to contemplate such politics as this—heartless, ungrateful, "New York politics"!

Poor old James Monroe! One of the cleanest, straightest, most high-minded patriots this country ever produced. With what bitterness of heart must this venerable statesman, whose whole life had been unselfishly given to his country's service, have rallied his remaining strength *to make and sign the dying declaration which averted the attack that Jackson was preparing to make upon his memory!* (About that historical puzzle, the McRae letter.)

No wonder Henry Clay, old, broken,

disappointed said to his son "Be a dog rather than a politician". No wonder the great, black, sombre eyes of Daniel Webster carried, in his last years, the look of unutterable weariness and melancholy. No wonder that Calhoun welcomed death, as the tired sentry greets the "relief".

Extracts From S. S. Prentiss' "Speech on Defalcations"

"I hold in my hand a book of some four hundred pages, entitled, 'Letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, transmitting copies of letters to collectors and receivers who have failed to comply with the laws and regulations for their Government; and, also, copies of reports of examinations of land offices since 1st January, 1834,' &c. It is Document 297, and was furnished the House by the Secretary on the 30th of March, 1838. It is the most extraordinary publication that ever fell under my observation. It is a moral, political, and literary curiosity. If you are a laughing philosopher, you will find in it ample food for mirth; if you belong to the other school, you cannot but weep at the folly and imbecility which it exhibits. The Secretary must have been frightened when he compiled it, for it is without form, and darkness rests upon its face. It contains two hundred and sixty letters to defaulting collectors and receivers; in some instances, from ten to twenty to the same defaulter; yet, so curiously is the book constructed, that you must read the whole of it to trace a single case. Its contents are as strange as the 'hell broth' that boiled and bubbled in the witches' cauldron. From this fragment of chaos I shall proceed to extract and arrange such matter as is material to my purpose; and first, to show, as I proposed, what importance the Secretary attached to the duty of depositing the public moneys in bank, at stated periods, so that they might not accumulate in the hands of the collector, and thus afford temptation to defalcation."

"But let us again take a birdseye view of this correspondence. Let us group it; without giving the exact language, we will take the meaning—the idea.

"Letter 1st. Mr. H., I am sorry to tell you again, you haven't made your returns.

"2d. Mr. H., you haven't made your returns.

"3d. Mr. H., if you don't make your returns, I'll tell the President.

"4th. Mr. H., you had better settle up; if you don't, out you go.

"5th. Mr. H., please tell me why you haven't settled; do, that's a good man.

"6th. Mr. H., now don't behave so.

"7th. Mr. H., how would you feel if you were dismissed from office? Better pay up, or you'll know.

"8th. Mr. H., it's lucky for you you've got strong friends; that's the reason we don't turn you out. But you'd better mind your eye.

"9th. Mr. H., ain't you ashamed?

"10th. Mr. H., perhaps you don't know it, but you are very much behindhand. Do you intend to pay or not? I wish you would. 'Tis very strange you will hurt my feelings so, and the President's too.

"11th. Mr. H., how comes it that you are a defaulter for $128,884.70? I don't wish to hurt your feelings, but I should like to know. I have a curiosity on the subject; can't you tell me?

"12th. Mr. H., *you've resigned, have you?* Well, that beats anything. What a cunning dog you are! Feathered your nest well, ha? I'll tell the President all about it when he comes home. How he will laugh!

"13th. Dear Mr. H., I regret to tell you that the rascally Solicitor of the Treasury is a-going to try and recover back that money you've got, which belongs to the Government. Never mind; we'll fix it some way.

"Such is an epitome of the correspondence of the Secretary of the Treasury, and constitutional adviser of the President. What a rich specimen of an American statesman!"

"It was the time when 'Hurrah for Jackson' constituted the 'Open Sesame' of power, which gained at once admittance into the robber's cave, and participation in the plunder. The General Jackson had but to whistle, and

> " 'Instant from copse and heath arose
> Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows.'

"His followers, like those of Roderick Dhu, started up in every direction, ready and eager to perform his bidding. He had but to point his finger, and his fierce bloodhounds buried their muzzles in the unfortunate victim of his wrath. Then was the saturnalia of the office-holders; and, like the locusts of Egypt, they plagued the land. Few dared to whisper of corruptions or defalcations; and bold man was he who proposed to investigate them, for it was sure to bring down upon his head the rage which never relented, and the anger which nothing but furious persecution could assuage.

"There was one man, however, who blenched not before General Jackson's frown, and who dared to propose an investigation into frauds and corruptions which had become so palpable and gross as to be an offence in the nostrils of the community. He occupied, at that time, a seat in the other end of this building, as Senator from my own State; a State upon whose laws and institutions his talents and genius

are indelibly impressed. The political history of Mississippi is illustrated by his name, from its commencement. He served her in all her departments; and as legislator, judge, and Governor, advanced her prosperity, and added to her character. What he was as Senator you all know. He stood proudly among the proud, and lofty among the loftiest, at a time when the Senate Chamber contained the garnered talent of the country; when its intellectual giants shook the whole nation with their mighty strife. . . . The floor of that body was his proper arena. To a correctness of judgment, which would have given him reputation even without the capacity of expression, he joined a power of debate which, for parliamentary strength and effect, was unsurpassed. To all this was added a stern, unyielding attachment to his political principles, and an indomitable boldness in expressing and sustaining them.

"Do you not recollect, sir, when General Jackson, like Charles I., strode to the legislative chamber, and thrust among the Senators a despotic edict, more insulting than if he had cast at their feet a naked sword? It was that fierce message which commenced with breaking down the independence and character of the Senate, and finally resulted in that worse than felon act, the desecration of its records. But the mandate passed not unopposed or unrebuked. When it burst, like a wild beast from his lair, upon the astonished body whose degradation it contemplated, and in the end accomplished, most of the distinguished Senators were absent; but he of whom I speak was at his post. Single-handed, and alone, like Cocles at the head of the brigade, he held at bay the Executive squadrons, and for a whole day drove back the Mamelukes of power; till at the sound of his voice, as at the sound of a trumpet, his gallant compeers, the champions of freedom, the knights—not of the black lines, but of the Constitution—came flocking to the rescue. Sir, it was a noble scene, and worthy of the best times of the Roman republic. A Senator of the United States, in bold and manly pride, trampling under foot Executive insult, and protecting at the same time the honor of his country and the dignity of his high station. There was a moral chivalry about it, far above the heroism of the field. Even now, the contemplation of it makes the blood thrill through the veins, and flush the forehead to the very temples. I need not tell you that man's name was George Poindexter; a name that will long and honorably live among the lovers of independence and the haters of tyranny. But he dared to propose an investigation into the frauds and corruptions of the Government, and from that moment his doom was sealed. The deep, turbid, and resistless current of Jacksonism swept him from the State in whose service the best of his life had been expended; and, ostracized from her councils, he became an exile in other lands.

"Sir, the office-holders in this country form an oligarchy too powerful to be resisted. Why was not S——— removed? Why was not H———? Why not L——— and B———? I will tell you. The Administration did not dare to remove them, even had it wished to do so; like pachas, they had become too powerful for the Sultan, and would not have hesitated in twisting the bowstring round the neck of the messenger who presented it.

"Since the avowal of that unprincipled and barbarian motto, that '*to the victor belong the spoils*', office, which was intended for the use and benefit of the people, has become but the plunder of party. Patronage is waved like a huge magnet over the land, and demagogues, like iron filings, attracted by a law of their nature, gather and cluster around its poles. Never yet lived the demagogue who would not take office. The whole frame of our Government, the whole institutions of the country are thus prostituted to the uses of party. I express my candid opinion, when I aver that I do not believe a single office of importance within the control of the Executive has, for the last five years, been filled with any other view, or upon any other consideration, than that of party effect; and if good appointments have in any instances been made, and benefits accrued to the country, it has been an accidental, and not a voluntary result. Office is conferred as the reward of partisan service; and what is the consequence? Why, the office-holders are not content with the pitiful salaries which afford only small compensation for present labors, but do not, in their estimation, constitute any adequate reward for their previous political services. This reward, they persuade themselves, it is perfectly right to retain from whatever passes through their hands. Being taught that all moneys in their possession belong not to the people, but to the party, it requires but small exertion of casuistry to bring them to the conclusion that they have a right to retain what they may conceive to be the value of their political services; just as a lawyer holds back his commissions. The Administration countenances all this; winks at it as long as possible; and when public exposure is inevitable, generally gives the bloated plunderer full warning and time to escape with his spoils.

"Do you not see the eagerness with which even Governors, Senators and Representatives in Congress, grasp at the most trivial appointments—the most insignificant emoluments? Well do these sons of the horse-leech know that there is more blood in the body than what mantles in the cheek, and more profit in an office than is exhibited by the salary.

"Sir, I have given you but two or three cases of defalcations; would time permit, I could give you a hundred. Like the fair Sultana of the Oriental legends, I could go on for a thousand and one nights; and even as in those Eastern stories, so in the chronicles of the office-holders, the tale would ever be of heaps of gold, massive ingots, uncounted riches. Why, sir, Aladdin's lamp was nothing to it. They seem to possess the identical cap of Fortunatus; some wish for $50,000 some for $100,000, some for a million; and behold, it lies in glittering heaps before them. Not even

"'The gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold'

in such lavish abundance as does this Administration upon its followers. Pizarro held not forth more dazzling lures to his robber band, when he led them to the conquest of the Children of the Sun. . . . These defalcations teach another lesson, and one well worth the cost, if we will but profit by its admonitions. They teach that the Sub-Treasury system is but the hotbed of temptation and crime. They teach that the public treasure cannot be safely confided to individual custody. Sir, this Government may determine to watch, like Turks, with jealous care, its golden harem; but it will seek in vain for the financial eunuchs who have the power to guard without the wish to enjoy."

(Mark the exceeding beauty and finish of Prentiss' diction. The simile at the close of the extracts is a gem.—T. E. W.)

Pertaining to the Jeffersonian Era

Description of Daniel Webster

"The person, however, who has succeeded in riveting most strongly the attention of the whole Union, is undoubtedly Mr. Webster. From the Gulf of St. Lawrence to that of Mexico, from Cape Sable to Lake Superior, his name has become, as it were, a household word. Many disapprove his politics, but none deny his great talents, his unrivalled fertility of argument, or his power, even still more remarkable, of rapid and comprehensive induction. In short, it is universally believed by his countrymen, that Mr. Webster is a great man; and in this matter I certainly make no pretension to singularity of creed. Mr. Webster *is* a man of whom any country might well be proud. His knowledge is at once extensive and minute, his intellectual resources very great; and, whatever may be the subject of discussion, he is sure to shed on it the light of an active, acute, and powerful mind.

"I confess, however, I did meet Mr. Webster under the influence of some prejudice. From the very day of my arrival in the United States, I had been made involuntarily familiar with his name and pretensions. Gentlemen sent me his speeches to read. When I talked of visiting Boston, the observation uniformly followed, 'Ah! there you will see Mr. Webster.' When I reached Boston, I encountered condolence on all hands. 'You are very unfortunate', said my friends, 'Mr. Webster set out yesterday for Washington'. Whenever, at Philadelphia and Baltimore, it became known that I had visited Boston, the question, 'Did you see Mr. Webster?' was a sequence as constant and unvarying as that of the seasons.

"The result of all this was, that the name of Webster became invested in my ear with an adventitious cacophony. It is not pleasant to admire upon compulsion, and the very pre-eminence of this gentleman had been converted into something of a bore. To Washington, however, I came, armed with letters to the unconscious source of my annoyance. The first night of my arrival I met him at a ball. A dozen people pointed him out to my observation, and the first glance riveted my attention. I had never seen any countenance more expressive of intellectual power.

"The forehead of Mr. Webster is high, broad, and advancing. The cavity beneath the eyebrow is remarkably large. The eye is deeply set, but full,

dark, and penetrating in the highest degree; the nose prominent, and well defined; the mouth is marked by that rigid compression of the lips by which the New Englanders are distinguished. When Mr. Webster's countenance is in repose, its expression struck me as cold and forbidding, but in conversation it lightens up; and when he smiles, the whole impression it communicates is at once changed. His voice is clear, sharp, and firm, without much variety of modulation; but when animated, it rings on the ear like a clarion.

"As an orator, I should imagine Mr. Webster's forte to lie in the department of pure reason. I can not conceive his even attempting an appeal to the feelings. It could not be successful; and he has too much knowledge of his own powers to encounter failure. In debate his very countenance must tell. Few men would hazard a voluntary sophism under the glance of that eye, so cold, so keen, so penetrating, so expressive of intellectual power. A single look would be enough to wither up a whole volume of bad logic."—"*Men and Manners in America.*" *By T. Hamilton.*

A Jacksonian Levee at the White House

"On the following evening I attended the levee. The apartments were already full before I arrived, and the crowd extended even into the hall. Three—I am not sure that there were not four—large saloons were thrown open on the occasion, and were literally crammed with the most singular and miscellaneous assemblage I had ever seen.

"The numerical majority of the company seemed of the class of tradesmen or farmers, respectable men, fresh from the plough, or the counter, who, accompanied by their wives and daughters, came forth to greet their President, and enjoy the splendors of the gala. There were also generals, and commodores, and public officers of every description, and foreign ministers and members of Congress, and ladies of all ages and degrees of beauty, from the fair and laughing girl of fifteen, to the haggard dowager of seventy. There were majors in broadcloth and corduroys, redolent of gin and tobacco, and majors' ladies in chintz or russet, with huge Paris earrings, and tawny necks, profusely decorated with beads of colored glass. There were tailors from the board, and judges from the bench; lawyers who opened their mouths at one bar, and the tapster who closed them at another;—in short, every trade, craft, calling, and profession, appeared to have sent its delegates to this extraordinary convention.

"For myself, I had seen too much of the United States to expect anything very different, and certainly anticipated that the mixture would contain all the ingredients I have ventured to describe. Yet, after all, I was taken by surprise. There were present at this levee, men begrimed with all the sweat and filth accumulated in their day's—perhaps their week's—labor. There were sooty artificers, evidently fresh from the forge or the work-shop; and one individual, I remember—either a miller or a baker—who, wherever he passed, left marks of contact on the garments of the company. The most prominent group, however, in the assemblage, was a party of Irish laborers, employed on some neighboring canal, who had evidently been apt scholars in the doctrine of liberty and equality, and were determined, on the present occasion, to assert the full privileges of 'the great unwashed'. I remarked these men pushing aside the more respectable portion of the company with a certain jocular audacity, which put one in mind of the humors of Donnybrook.

"A party, composed of the materials I have described, could possess but few attractions. The heat of the apartment was very great, and the odours—certainly not Sabæan—which occasionally

affected the nostrils, were more pungent than agreeable. I, therefore, pushed on in search of the President, in order that, having paid my respects in acknowledgment of a kindness for which I really felt grateful, I might be at liberty to depart. My progress, however, was slow, for the company in the exterior saloons were wedged together in a dense mass, penetrable only at occasional intervals. I looked everywhere for the President as I passed, but without success, but, at length, a friend, against whom I happened to be jostled, informed me that I should find him at the extremity of the most distant apartment.

"The information was correct. There stood the President, whose looks still indicated indisposition, paying one of the severest penalties of greatness; compelled to talk when he had nothing to say, and shake hands with men whose very appearance suggested the precaution of a glove. I must say, however, that under these unpleasant circumstances, he bore himself well and gracefully. His countenance expressed perfect good-humour; and his manner to the ladies was so full of well-bred gallantry, that having, as I make no doubt, the great majority of the fair sex on his side, the chance of his being unseated at the next election must be very small.

"I did not, however, remain long a spectator of the scene. Having gone through the ordinary ceremonial, I scrambled out of the crowd the best way I could, and bade farewell to the most extraordinary scene it had ever been my fortune to witness. It is only fair to state, however, that during my stay in Washington, I never heard the President's levee mentioned in company without an expression of indignant feeling on the part of the ladies, at the circumstances I have narrated. To the better order of Americans, indeed, it can not but be painful that their wives and daughters should thus be compelled to mingle with the very lowest of the people. Yet the evil, whatever may be its extent, is, in truth, the necessary result of a form of government essentially democratic. Wherever universal suffrage prevails, the people are, and must be, the sole depository of political power. The American President well knows that his only chance of continuance in office, consists in his conciliating the favour of the lowest—and, therefore, most numerous—order of his constituents. The rich and intelligent are a small minority, and their opinion he may despise. The poor, the uneducated, are, in every country, *the people*. It is to them alone that a public man in America can look for the gratification of his ambition. They are the ladder by which he must mount, or be content to stand on a level with his fellow-men.

"Under such circumstances, it is impossible there should be any exclusion of the real governors of the country wherever they may think proper to intrude. General Jackson is quite aware, that the smallest demonstration of disrespect even to the meanest mechanic, might incur the loss of his popularity in a whole neighborhood. It is evident, too, that the class in actual possession of the political patronage of a community is, in effect, whatever be their designation, the *first* class in the State. In America, this influence belongs to the poorest and least educated. Wealth and intelligence are compelled to bend to poverty and ignorance, to adopt their prejudices, to copy their manners, to submit to their government. In short, the order of reason and common-sense is precisely inverted; and while the roots of the political tree are waving in the air, its branches are buried in the ground.

"During the time I was engaged at the levee, my servant remained in the hall through which lay the entrance to the apartments occupied by the com-

pany, and on the day following he gave me a few details of a scene somewhat extraordinary, but sufficiently characteristic to merit record. It appeared that the refreshments intended for the company, consisting of punch and lemonade, were brought by the servants, with the intention of reaching the interior saloon. No sooner, however, were these ministers of Bacchus descried to be approaching by a portion of the company, than a rush was made from within, the whole contents of the trays were seized *in transitu*, by a sort of *coup-de-main:* and the bearers having thus rapidly achieved the distribution of their refreshments, had nothing for it but to return for a fresh supply. This was brought, and quite as compendiously despatched, and it at length became apparent, that, without resorting to some extraordinary measures, it would be impossible to accomplish the intended voyage, and the more respectable portion of the company would be suffered to depart with dry palates and in utter ignorance of the extent of the hospitality to which they were indebted."—*T. Hamilton, in "Men and Manners in America".*

An Englishman Calls on Charles Carroll, of Carrollton

"While at Baltimore, I enjoyed the honour of introduction to Mr. Carroll, the last survivor of that band of brave men, who signed the declaration of their country's independence. Mr. Carroll is in his ninety-fifth year, yet enjoys the full use of all his faculties, and takes pleasure in social intercourse, which he enlivens by a fund of valuable anecdote. It was with great interest that I heard this aged patriot speak of the companions of his youth, Jay, Adams, Jefferson, and Hamilton, and describe those scenes of stormy struggle, in which he had himself partaken with honourable distinction. Baltimore, which now contains nearly eighty thousand inhabitants, he remembers a pretty fishing hamlet, of some half-dozen houses. But the progress of change throughout the whole Union has been equally rapid. Little more than half a century ago, the Americans were a handful of poor colonists, drivers of slaves and small traffic, in lumber and tobacco, from whom it was the policy of the mother country to squeeze all she could, and give nothing in return, which it might be at all profitable to keep. With a judicious economy of gibbets and jail room at home, she was so obliging as to accelerate the natural increase of population by the transmission of certain gentlemen and ladies, who, being found somewhat awkwardly deficient in the ethics of property in their own country, were despatched to improve their manners on the plantations of Maryland and Virginia. Then, in her motherly care, she fenced in their trade with all manner of restrictions, which could in any way contribute to the replenishing of her own parental exchequer, and, to crown her benefits, condescended to export a copious supply of Lord Johns and Lord Charleses, to fill their empty pockets, and keep the people in good humor, with fine speeches, strong prisons, and a round military force.

"All this Mr. Carroll remembers, but he has lived to see a state of matters somewhat different. The colonies have disappeared, and in their place has risen a powerful confederation of free States, spreading a population of twelve millions over a vast extent of fertile territory, and possessing a commerce and marine, second only to those of that nation from whom they boast their descent. He beholds his countrymen as happy as the unfettered enjoyment of their great natural advantages, and institutions of the broadest democracy, can make them. He sees whole regions, formerly the savage haunts of the panther and the wild Indian, covered with the dwellings of civilized and Christian man. The mighty riv-

ers, on which a few wretched *flats* used to make with difficulty an annual voyage, he now sees covered with steam-vessels of gigantic size, and loaded with valuable merchandise. He has seen lakes in the very heart of a great continent, formerly approachable only by some adventurous traveller, connected with the ocean by means of canals. In short, the lot of Mr. Carroll has been cast in what must ever be the most eventful period of his country's history; and having witnessed changes so vast and extraordinary, and beheld the whole of his early companions, one by one, drop into the grave, this venerable patriot may well be content to follow them, happy till the last in the enjoyment of the attachment of his family, and the esteem and reverence of his fellow citizens."*

* "Mr. Carroll, since my return to England, has paid the debt of Nature. When the intelligence of his death reached Washington, both houses immediately adjourned, in testimony of respect for this *'ultimus Romanorum.'"*

—*T. Hamilton, in "Men and Manners in America".*

Mr. Hamilton Calls on Aaron Burr

"Colonel Burr now lives in New York, secluded from society, where his great talents and extensive professional knowledge, still gain him some employment as a consulting lawyer.

"A friend of mine at New York inquired whether I should wish an interview with this distinguished person. I immediately answered in the affirmative, and a note was addressed to Colonel Burr, requesting permission to introduce me. The answer contained a polite assent, and indicated an hour when his avocations would permit his having sufficient leisure for the enjoyment of conversation. At the time appointed, my friend conveyed me to a house in one of the poorest streets of the city. The Colonel received us on the landing-place, with the manners of a finished courtier, and led the way to his little library, which—judging from the appearance of the volumes—was principally furnished with works connected with the law.

"In person, Colonel Burr is diminutive, and I was much struck with the resemblance he bears to the late Mr. Percival. His physiognomy is expressive of strong sagacity. The eye keen, penetrating and deeply set; the forehead broad and prominent; the mouth small, but disfigured by the ungraceful form of the lips; and, the other features, though certainly not coarse, were irreconcilable with any theory of beauty. On the whole, I have rarely seen a more remarkable countenance. Its expression was highly intellectual, but I imagined I could detect the lines of strong passion mingled with those of deep thought. The manners of Colonel Burr are those of a highly bred gentleman. His powers of conversation are very great, and the opinions he expresses on many subjects marked by much shrewdness and originality.

"When in England, he had become acquainted with many of the Whig leaders, and I found him perfectly versed in everything connected with our national politics.

"It would be an unwarrantable breach of the confidence of private life, were I to publish any particulars of the very remarkable conversation I enjoyed with this eminent person. I shall, therefore, merely state, that, having encroached, perhaps, too long, both on the time and patience of Colonel Burr, I bade him farewell, with sincere regret, that a career of public life, which had opened so brilliantly, should not have led to a more fortunate termination."—*T. Hamilton, in "Men and Manners in America".*

How an Irish Hero Held the Fort

"The post of Fort Stephenson had been *unanimously* declared worthless and untenable, by a council of officers, of which the Hon. Lewiss Cass, late Secretary of War, and General McArthur were members. Accordingly Croghan had been ordered to set fire to

it and march to headquarters, before the enemy could reach it. This order, however, was not received by Major Croghan, in consequence of Mr. Connor and the Indians, by whom it was sent, getting lost in the woods, until the fort was surrounded by Indians, and retreat rendered impossible. Croghan then addressed the following note to Harrison:

'Sir:—I have received yours of yesterday, ten o'clock, P. M., ordering me to destroy this place and retreat, which was received too late to be carried into execution. *We have determined to maintain this place; and by Heavens, we can.*'

"This note was written with the expectation that it would be intercepted by the enemy, and was designed to leave on them an impression of his strength. Harrison, not knowing this, regarded it as a refusal to obey, and accordingly on the evening of the 31st of July, he sent Colonel Wells to Fort Stephenson with a squadron of dragoons, to supersede Croghan and send him to headquarters. When Croghan arrived and made this explanation, the General, pleased with the good policy which he exhibited, instantly reinstated him, with orders to evacuate the fort as soon *as he safely* could. The next day, the enemy, under Proctor, landed and summoned the post to surrender; at the same time humanely informing the besieged that if they did not, the fort should be stormed and themselves given up to the tomahawk and scalping-knife! Dickson, in person, accompanied the flag which bore the summons, and was met by Ensign Shipp on the part of the garrison. Dickson begged Shipp to surrender for God's sake, as in the event of Proctor's taking the fort, they would all be massacred. Shipp replied, "*that when the fort was taken there would be none left to massacre.*" At this juncture an Indian came up to Shipp and endeavored to wrest his sword from him. Shipp drew it on him and was about despatching him, when Dickson interposed and restrained the savage. Croghan, who had been standing on the ramparts, and had observed the insult offered to Shipp, called to him, "*Shipp, come in, and we will blow them all to hell.*" Shipp went in, bidding Dickson's 'good-bye'. The cannonading then commenced, and in twenty-four hours upwards of five hundred shot struck the works, though with little effect.

"Croghan had but one piece of artillery, a six-pounder, which by his order was removed to the block-house and loaded with musket balls. On the evening of the next day the enemy determined to carry the works by storm. They advanced in two columns: one led on by Lieutenant-Colonel Short, the other by Colonel Chambers. Under cover of the smoke of the fort, the men advanced until they came to the ditch, where they paused. Colonel Short rallied them, crying out to push on, 'and give the damned Yankees no quarters.' The six-pounder, which had been placed at a masked embrasure in the block-house, at thirty feet distance from them, now opened, pouring death and destruction among them. Of those in the ditch few escaped. A precipitate retreat commenced. The column under Colonel Chambers was also routed by a severe fire from Captain Hunter's line; and the whole fled into an adjoining wood. Lieutenant Short and twenty-five privates were left dead in the ditch, and twenty-six were afterwards taken prisoners. The total loss of the enemy was one hundred and fifty killed and wounded. When night came on, the wounded in the ditch suffered indescribably. Crogan conveyed them water over the pickets, and opened a ditch through the ramparts, by which they were invited to enter the fort. Let the reader compare this act of magnanimity with the conduct of Proctor at the River Raisin!

"In the night the combined force of the 'allies' commenced a rapid and dis-

orderly retreat, leaving part of their baggage and wounded behind them. For his act of gallantry on this occasion, Croghan was promoted to the rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel."

Jesse Mercer, in the Hot Clark-Troup Fight

"The celebrated Jesse Mercer was a moving spirit amidst the excited multitude, and Daniel Duffie, who, as a most intolerant Methodist, and an especial hater of the Baptist Church and all Baptists, was there also, willing to lay down all ecclesiastical prejudice, and to go to Heaven even with Jesse Mercer, because he was a Troup man.

"The Senate came into the Representative chamber at noon, to effect, on joint ballot, the election of Governor. The President of the Senate took his seat with the Speaker of the House, and in obedience to law assumed the presidency of the assembled body. The members were ordered to prepare their ballots to vote for the Governor of the State. The Secretary of the Senate called the roll of the Senate, each man, as his name was called, moving up to the clerk's desk, and depositing his ballot. The same routine was then gone through with on the part of the House, when the hat (for a hat was used) containing the ballots was handed to the President of the Senate, Thomas Stocks, of Greene County, who proceeded to count the ballots, and finding only the proper number, commenced to call the name from each ballot. Pending this calling the silence was painfully intense. Every place within the spacious hall, the gallery, the lobby, the committee-rooms, and the embrasures of the windows were all filled to crushing repletion. And yet not a word or sound, save the excited breathing of ardent men, disturbed the anxious silence of the hall. One by one the ballots were called. There were 166 ballots, requiring 84 to elect. When 160 ballots were counted, each candidate had 80, and at this point the excitement was so painfully intense that the President suspended the count, and though it was chilly November, took from his pocket his handkerchief, and wiped from his flushed face the streaming perspiration. While this was progressing, a wag in the gallery sang out, 'The darkest time of night is just before day'. This interruption was not noticed by the President, who called out 'Troup!' then 'Talbot!' and again there was a momentary suspension. Then he called again, 'Troup-Talbot!' '82-82,' was whispered audibly through the entire hall. Then the call was resumed. 'Troup!' 'A tie', said more than a hundred voices. There remained but one ballot. The President turned the hat upside down, and the ballot fell upon the table. Looking down upon it, he called, at the top of his voice, 'Troup!' The scene that followed was indescribable. The two parties occupied separate sides of the chamber. Those voting for Troup rose simultaneously from their seats, and one wild shout seemed to lift the ceiling overhead. Again, with increased vim, was it given. The lobby and the galleries joined in the wild shout. Members and spectators rushed into each others' arms, kissed each other, wept, shouted, kicked over the desks, tumbled on the floor, and for ten minutes this maddening excitement suspended the proceedings of the day. It was useless for the presiding officer to command order, if, indeed, his feelings were sufficiently under control to do so. When exhaustion had produced comparative silence, Duffie, with the full brogue of the County Carlow upon his tongue, ejaculated: 'O Lord, we thank Thee! The State is redeemed from the rule of the Devil and John Clarke.' Mercer waddled from the chamber, waving his hat above his great bald head, and shouting, 'Glory, glory!' which he continued until out of sight. General

Blackshear, a most staid and grave old gentleman and a most sterling man, rose from his seat, where he, through all this excitement, had sat silent, folded his arms upon his breast, and, looking up, with tears streaming from his eyes, exclaimed: 'Now, Lord, I am ready to die!' Order was finally restored, and the state of the ballot stated. (Troup, 84; Talbot, 82,) when President Stocks proclaimed George M. Troup duly elected Governor of the State of Georgia for the next three years.

"This was the last election of a Governor by the Legislature. The party of Clarke demanded that the election should be given to the people. This was done, and in 1825, Troup was re-elected over Clarke by a majority of some seven hundred votes. It was during this last contest that the violence and virulence of party reached its acme, and pervaded every family, creating animosities which neither time nor reflection ever healed."

James Buchanan Invites a Jacksonian Whack

"Shortly after Mr. Buchanan's return from Russia in 1834, to which he had been sent by President Jackson in 1832, and immediately following his election to the Senate of the United States by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to fill the unexpired term of William Wilkins, resigned, who, in his turn, was sent to succeed Buchanan in the same foreign mission, Buchanan called upon old Hickory with a fair English lady, whom he desired to present to the head of the American nation. Leaving her in the reception-room down stairs, he ascended to the President's private quarters and found General Jackson unshaved, unkempt, in his dressing-gown, with his slippered feet on the fender before a blazing wood fire, smoking a corn-cob pipe of the old Southern school. He stated his object, when the General said he would be very glad to meet the handsome acquaintance of the new bachelor Senator. Mr. Buchanan was always careful of his personal appearance, and, in some respects, was a sort of masculine Miss Fribble, addicted to spotless cravats and huge collars; rather proud of a small foot for a man of his large stature, and to the last of his life what the ladies would call 'a very good figure'. Having just returned from a visit to the fashionable Continental circles, after two years of thorough intercourse with the etiquette of one of the stateliest courts in Europe, he was somewhat shocked at the idea of the President meeting the eminent English lady in such guise, and ventured to ask if he did not intend to change his attire, whereupon the old warrior rose, with his long pipe in his hand, and, deliberately knocking the ashes out of the bowl, said to his friend: 'Buchanan, I want to give you a little piece of advice, which I hope you will remember. I knew a man once who made his fortune by attending to his own business. Tell the lady I will see her presently.'

"The man who became President in 1856 was fond of saying that this remark of Andrew Jackson humiliated him more than any rebuke he had ever received. He walked down stairs to meet his fair charge, and in a very short time President Jackson entered the room, dressed in a full suit of black, cleanly shaved, with his stubborn white hair forced from his remarkable face, and, advancing to the beautiful Britisher, saluted her with almost kingly grace. As she left the White House she exclaimed to her escort, 'Your republican President is the royal model of a gentleman.'"

A Glimpse of Clay, in His Old Age

"Toward the close of Mr. Clay's life, one Carter Beverly, of Virginia, wrote Mr. Clay some account of the part he himself had taken in the concoction of this slander, craving his forgiveness. This letter was received by Mr. Clay

while a visitor at the home of the writer, and read to him: it dissipated all doubts upon the mind of Mr. Clay, if any remained, of the fact of the whole story being the concoction of Buchanan. Creemer was a colleague of Buchanan, and was a credulous Pennsylvanian, of Dutch descent; honest enough, but without brains, and only too willing to be the instrument of his colleague in any dirty work which would subserve his purposes.

"He struggled to believe Buchanan was wronged by General Jackson; but one fact after another was developed—he could not doubt—all pointng the same way; and finally came this letter of Beverly's, when he was old and when his heart was crushed by the loss of his son Henry at Buena Vista, of which event he had only heard the day before: he doubted no more. I shall ever remember the expression of that noble countenance as, turning to me, he said: 'Read that!' Rising from his seat, he went to the garden, where, under a large live-oak, I found him an hour after, deeply depressed. It was sorrow, not anger, that weighed upon him."—*Sparks: "Memories of Fifty Years."*

(TO BE CONTINUED)

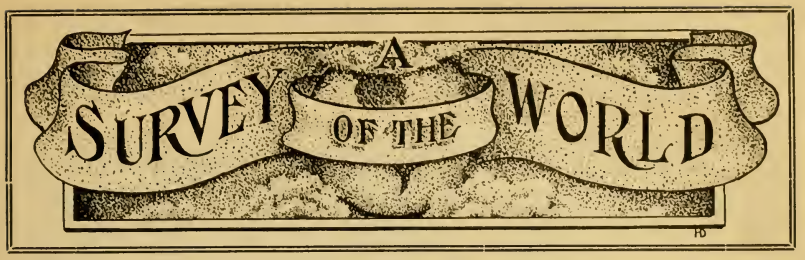
Never Comes Spring

Grace Kirkland

Forgotten? Ah, well, as the swift seasons speed,
Blushes the briar rose; ripens the seed;
Summer and winter their largesses bring,
But never comes spring to me: never comes spring!

Forgotten? Perhaps; other love folds me fast,
In pity to mantle the grief of the past;
Yet is my Memnon heart low murmuring
"Never comes spring to me: never comes spring!"

For what be the tranquiller hopes of today,
When the heart has no youth and the year has no May?
To a life that is robbed of its tenderest thing,
There never comes spring again; never comes spring!



By TOM DOLAN

"BWANO TUMBO" is about to come again within platitudinizing distance of civilization, and e'er these feeble lines have been printed, the Mighty One will have been restored to an exuberant world, waiting to do him homage.

T. R. RETURNS.

Hail, Hero of five hundred slain! You come to prove how thin is the veneer of refinement that is spread out over a so-called Christian civilization, that it does not turn in unspeakable loathing and horror from you! Always we knew that this wonderful "civilization" of ours wasn't worth being saved from the Pit; but where could be found so striking an example of our underlying, and eternally unslakable blood-lust than the spectacle of a virtuous wife receiving a husband who had wallowed in sheer slaughter of inoffensive creatures that never did him harm; of nations rising to do him honor, and the country he has thus disgraced waiting for his opinion before shaping its policies!

Sometimes we deride the misguided and maudlin who smother with flowers some brutal murderer; but let us hereafter take those creatures as our highest types.

Was Roosevelt a Dr. Jekyll here, and a Mr. Hyde in Africa? Not at all. He was the same coarse, heavy-jawed animal in the White House he was in the jungle; only the jungle gave truer direction to his energies, and showed him up for what he actually was, and always has been.

Not that it will alter a jot of the adoration that will be lavished upon the returning Bignoise. For, as stated above, with the exception of a few sporadic instances of real refinement, the so-called "civilized" world doesn't see anything in Roosevelt's exploits that disgrace him, and itself.

Rome had her long train of brutes who joyed in nothing so much as giving agony to the defenseless. The scholar turns from their history with loathing, only to take up his daily paper, and beam upon "Bwano Tumbo" surrounded by pitiful skulls of hapless dumb brutes, his huge feet resting on some poor animal, not more wild than an ordinary milch cow, that he has slaughtered!

CHANGING about as rapidly as the slides of a moving-picture, the latest advices from Nicaragua are that the government forces have won out over the insurgents. No hope remains, it is reluctantly admitted by the latter, but "intervention" from the United States on the pretext of tranquilizing that region.

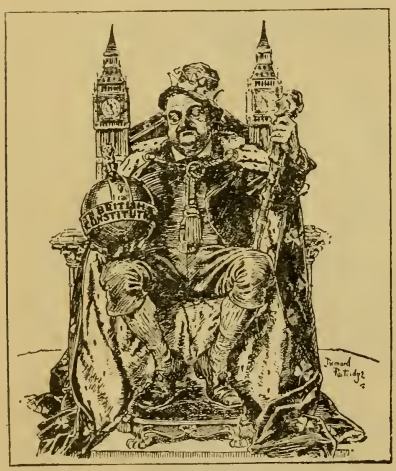
NICARAGUA QUIETING DOWN.

It looks as though little fat Philander had slipped up on a banana peel; for, even before the matter had become history, the inside story showed that American capital, interested in that

delectable fruit, were at the bottom of the whole "insurgent" farce, which is farce only insofar as cause may be considered; the results have been baneful enough.

Zelaya has been twice victorious—in his triumph, personally, over the threat of Mr. Knox to have him drawn and quartered, or something of that sort; and in the victory of the government which had been assailed by a fomented, artificial, foreign-instigated rebellion against it.

Captain Godfrey Fowler, of the insurgent army, was killed in one of the recent engagements. This, another



The Irony of Circumstances

MR. JOHN REDMOND: "Well, if I can't rule in Dublin, I can here!"
—*Punch* (London).

American adventurer, has lost his life, soldiering for whatever hire there may have been in it for him. What our valorous Secretary will do about the casualty, it is appalling to think. He's such a terror, you know, that the earth reels with a violent seismic shock whenever he snorts.

PHILADELPHIA has been in a ferment because of the strike of the street-railway employees there. This present strike is really about a year over-due, as one was begun early in 1909 and was aborted through the promise of the traction company to grant certain requested concessions.

LABOR TROUBLES GROW WORSE.

After thus obtaining peace under false pretenses, the company cheerfully forgot its pledge and the present strike became virtually inevitable.

After several weeks of the usual efforts to run cars by non-union men, which provoked the strikers to wrath and riot, the various trades unions of Philadelphia walked out, which practically paralyzed industry for, big and rich as is the city mis-called that of "Brotherly Love", over one hundred thousand skilled artisans cannot be idle without deadening every trade and pursuit.

What does a sympathetic "walk-out" mean? Just this: that thousands of laborers who have no personal grievance, who have families to support, who realize the suffering that must ensue when their wages cease, are yet brave enough to strike, for the sake of their fellow-workers who have just cause of complaint.

Unless the situation speedily clears, the sympathetic strike, like an epidemic, will extend to other great centers of organized labor.

* * * *

Sad indeed it is that lives must be lost, and innocent women and children be brought to destitution by the labor war, but there come times when immediate destitution appears less dreadful than the hopeless poverty that must go on for years. The spirit that is willing to suffer, that good may come, is the right spirit which wins.

If we had more of this same spirit, however much it occasionally may be misled, the end would quickly come to

oppression everywhere. For the oppressor,—monarchial or monopolistic, retains power only through bribery or coercion. And America has about reached the point where coercion is the inexpensive lever by which its voting strength is moved. Bribery is quite unnecessary: it is enough to threaten that the factories will close or "capital" be withdrawn from the avenues of business, and collapse seizes upon each man who wants to foster a business or hold a job. He isn't promised better-

Only a Drop From the Bucket

The beef trust of the United States was indicted by a grand jury in Hudson county N. J., the other day. The indictment is drawn under the New Jersey law, which provides a maximum pealty of three years in the penitentiary or a $1,000 fine.

—Richmond *Journal*

ments—only coldly told that he'll be worse off if he doesn't conform. So, he conforms.

* * * *

Mr. Taft has been asked to use his

good offices in bringing about peace. If his results in strike arbitrations are not better, however, than they have been in harmonizing his precious party, he'd better let some low-browed, pugnacious plug-ugly try. The latter might, by happy accident, hit upon the right solution of the vexed questions, while our beloved President has the distressing habit of saying the right thing either in the wrong place, or the wrong thing in the right place, until a back-fence full of Kilkenny cats couldn't be fuller of exuberant family

—Literary Digest

affection than are his henchmen when he finishes his harmonizing homilies.

* * * *

It is charged and has not been denied, that the traction company deliberately forced the strike by wholesale discharge of men for no given reason save the insolent lie "for the good of the service"; by fighting the Amalgamated Union by forming a counter-organization; by persistent refusal to meet the men in counsel, and so forth. The understanding that existed between the traction company and the city officials of Philadelphia was unmistakable and a public shame. Yet, notwithstanding this, the same old ring was elected last fall, since which time the traction company has indeed felt itself serenely above the need to arbitrate. So, the "innocent third party" is not so innocent, after all, and Philadelphia is really getting what its long civic corruption has invited.

* * * *

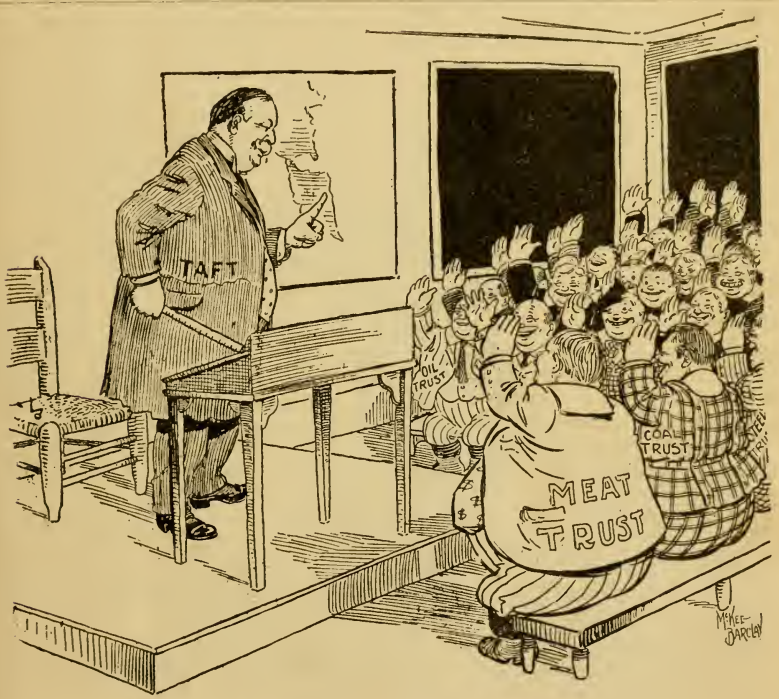
Negro policemen are beating down white women, and if the industrial war proceeds to civil war there it will not be surprising. The collusion between the traction companies and corrupt city officials; the horrible spectacle of employing black brutes with orders to shoot and beat not only white men, but white women and children, the absolutely gratuitous insult given labor by the bankers who expressed their friendliness toward the car company, combine to make Philadelphia a climax in shame.

THE DANBURY HATTERS' CASE.

HAS Labor made a mistake in the Philadelphia strike and walk-outs? If so, it will probably pay for it in prolonged loss and incalculable suffering. Labor always foots the bill for its own errors, as witness the judgment for nearly a quarter of a million dollars pending against two hundred and fifty defendants, heading the various divisions of the United Hatters of North America, in favor of a Danbury, Connecticut, hatter whom they attempted to boycott.

This is a tremendous fine to be levied against the treasury of this particular union, and notable because of the application of the principles of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law to trade combinations which use their power in restraint of trade, or to injure a particular firm with which they are at odds. The courts could not have been expected to uphold the unions in an unlawful act like the boycott and no criticism can be made adverse to the finding of the Court, on that ground.

Just at this time, however, the effect of this fine upon the minds of those immediately concerned with its payment, and upon the public, will depend altogether upon the result of the prosecutions of the great monopolies now under indictment for restraint of trade in sugar, in oil, and in provisions. Millions upon millions of dollars have been taken from the people to swell the enormous profits of the Sugar Trust, the Standard Oil, the Tobacco Trust and the Meat Packers, and while these concerns are waiting the final disposition of their cases before the Supreme Court, other trusts and monopolies are pursuing an uninterrupted course, new mergers are daily being effected and prices to the consumer steadily rise. If the Courts prove unable or unwilling to deal as severely with these lawless combinations as they did in the Danbury case, if they can protect the manufacturer and not the laborer and the consumer, a condition of anarchy will be established, the outcome of which no one can predict. The Courts, while trying these causes, are themselves upon trial. If they fail to measure up to the full level of their responsibility as guardians of the sanctity of Law, then there will be left no recourse but the arbitrament of arms.



Might as Well Abolish Corporal Punishment

THE TEACHER: Now there are good trusts and bad trusts.
All of you who are good hold up your hands! —Baltimore *Sun*

THE dire complications at the capitol of New York will be very hard to smooth out. The deeper goes the probe, the fouler becomes the material brought out. When Senator Benn Conger made the unexpected charge that Senator Jotham P. Allds, the leader of the New York upper house, had accepted plebian banknotes like any other common bribe-taker, to induce him to use his official influence to defeat certain pending bills adverse to the pleasure of some big bridge-building concerns, it was not supposed that anything other than a fresh bucket of whitewash would be required. It is now apparent that a barrel of it, supplemented by quick-lime, would not be more than the situation calls for.

N. Y. POLITICIANS IN BAD.

Allds was, after all, neither able to "prove an alibi" or divert attention from other nervous quarters. The Bribe and the Man met, and it was a case of ducats to pockets forthwith. Allds crossed Conger's fire by accusing that gentleman of being just as bad, which didn't relieve the Albany situation, though it may have eased the sufferings of Mr. Allds.

It is all a puddin' to Governor Hughes, who fulminates thus:

"We want party harmony. We want to work together as a party. If we are to have party harmony that amounts to anything, it must be the harmony of health; it must be the harmony of party soundness; it must be the party harmony that has nothing in it which fails to represent the demand of the people, and that the party—that the government of the State—shall be pure and honest and faithful.

"This is not a time to retire in dismay from any disclosure. The party can stand anything except being untrue to itself and allying itself with the evil that may be in it. It needs to purge itself of evil; it needs to get rid of that which can justly be condemned, and to show itself before the people, what it really is representative of—I say it without disparagement to the honorable men who are in other parties—representing the sound judgment and conscience of the electorate of the State of New York."

This being interpreted, means that Hughes himself being "in the clear" and having no small amount of grudge against his Legislature for insubordination, is perfectly willing to let the guilty tremble in their boots, dreading lest each day's revelations will involve their own names.

* * * *

Lamentable, all. Not because of the revelations, but because these solid citizens manipulated the legislative machine to their own profit, with perfect complacence, until found out. There is much to muse upon in the open question as to whether bribery or blackmail should be the word chosen to describe the passage of money from these particular concerns to the men who could vitally affect their business.

If the legislation had been projected in the interests of the public weal, then the bribe-giver is equally as guilty of gross misfeasance as the bribe-taker. If, on the contrary, bills were introduced for the sole purpose of forcing contributions from the bridge-builders, the latter do not seem quite so culpable. It is hardly probable that this is the truth, for, if so, they should have fought out the legislation in the open, and killed the bills by appealing their cause to public opinion, or to the courts. In any event, the bridge-builders are convicted of cowardice, and the Congressmen and Senators of worse.

THE death of United States Senator Platt, early in March, caused a painful interlude in the Allds investigation, while the former "Easy Boss" was being laid away on a quiet hillside that overlooked his early home. To avoid the frequent mention of the dead man's name, trial had to be suspended, for sheer decency's sake, it having been alleged that Allds had acted as he did toward the bridge legislation under the orders of Platt, instead of for any bribe, a difference quite without moral distinction even as a palliating circumstance.

DEATH OF TOM PLATT.

Platt was the product of an era which blindly worshipped organization and regarded the political boss with much the kind of admiration that the sporting element bestows upon the "gentleman" gambler and the lusty pugilist.

Perhaps we are gradually getting away from this sort of hero-worship now. At least, the day of coarse and open corruption is waning.

The Next Step —*Pall Mall Gazette*

SINCE the spectacular elections in England and the re-assembling of Parliament, the predicted deadlock has occurred in British affairs, Premier Asquith being in the clutch of his allies, who up to date have shown no sign of allowing themselves to be ignored. Seldom has a party leader been held so completely to the fulfillment of his campaign pledges, on pain of accomplishing absolutely nothing excepting his own downfall. The finances of the realm are in a bad way, admitted by all and exaggerated by the Conservatives, who continue to shriek wildly for more Dreadnaughts and "Tariff Reform", which is their pleasant little term for a protective tariff.

AT CROSS PURPOSES.

Premier Asquith as well as Mr. Lloyd-George, are exceedingly anxious to pass the budget first, which will provide the necessary revenues by direct taxation of those most able to be taxed. In order to do this immediately, the House of Lords must remain undisturbed for the present. This, however, is precisely what neither John Redmond, the Irish leader, nor John Burns, the Labor leader, are willing to concede, they understanding full well that, if the budget passes, and the

House of Lords continues in its present purely hereditary form, the chance for Home Rule fades at its brightest moment, and the Lords will stand as of yore solidly in the face of every expression of popular government.

There is little doubt but that the Premier trusted to a sufficient majority of his own faction to make the allies negligible, and had this been the case, the "insurgents" of Parliament would have been in the position of our own Congressional scrappers—able to do much talking, but little effective work. Mr. Redmond, contrary to most other Irish leaders, seems less gifted as an orator than as a grim force determined to be reckoned with, and the world is a bit amused at Mr. Asquith's present predicament. His Conservative foes need, however, take no great comfort in the situation, for the general sentiment of the English people is decidedly radical, and although the administration of Mr. Asquith may result disastrously for him, and throw the country into another general election to determine the several issues, it is probable that the Unionists would make losses heavier than those which occurred in the last campaign.

ENGLAND'S trouble is not confined to the isle. The gravity of the situation in India is cause for much concern; and Lord Minto's problem of reconciling the "East and West" grows steadily more difficult. Recently he has essayed what seems a very doubtful experiment and which must certainly fail of effect, unless the Hindus are even more childish and in need of leading strings than England would have the world believe. The Indian Press Bill is one of the most drastic repressive measures ever framed to throttle criticism of a ruling power; and Lord Minto has strongly urged it as an imperative necessity, if sedition is to be quelled. Simultaneously with its passage, he liberates a large number of rebellious subjects for the sake of creating in the Indians a spirit of confidence in his benevolent intent, which is equivalent to saying to the recalcitrants: "We're going to be gentle with you but you gotta be good." Will they be good? It is hardly conceivable that a grandstand play of that nature will palliate any real grievances, and if the grievances be wholly imaginary and the outgrowth of ridiculous notions of self-government on the part of a people wholly incapacitated therefor, why the need of crushing free speech and strengthening the army? The most significant feature that has occurred within the past year has been the disaffection that has spread among hitherto dependable native troops. Something has caused it and that something, despite the complacent assertion of the British press that the subjection of India is "quite as much for the welfare of the Hindoos as for the glory of the Empire", is the old, inextinguishable demand for the right of self-government. It would be as easy to crush out the maternal instinct itself by telling a mother that her babe would be better off in some scientifically operated institution than in her own arms, as to blot out the passion for liberty. It may be drugged temporarily by every sort of sophistry, bribed by favors, coerced with threats, deluged with ridicule or punished by every means known to cruelty, but ultimately it will grasp its object.

ANOTHER MUTINY POSSIBLE.

THE case of young Philander C. Knox may be cited as showing very clearly the social trend. The young man married a bit too young, we think, and he might have waited until he finished school and was able to furnish a flat at One Dollar down, One Dollar per month, but with his lack of pecuniary prudence we have nothing to do. Few persons of twenty

SNOBBERY AND CADDISHNESS.

and eighteen and thereabouts are overstocked on worldly discretion. 'Twould be a fearful case of cardiac calcification if they were: You moon, and silvery stars, and heavenly constellations

Changer and a Diplomat of parts,—appreciates from his lofty height that there is a sentiment common to mankind, called love, but rotund as he is and an easy roller, he has never coun-

Harmonee!

—New York *American*

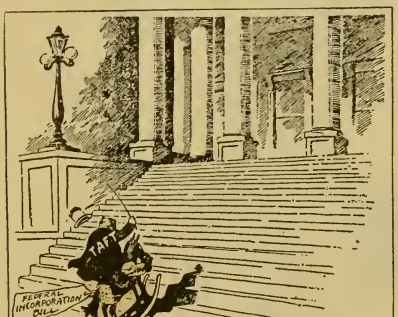
would play to empty park benches; while daisies and violets and buttercups would feel like orphans without a home. Philander C.—he of great prowess and concerned with Big Affairs, World Powers, a lightning Map

tenanced such an undignified procedure as "falling in love". If young people consider mating, let them, in the fulness of time, consult Paterfamilias, who will look up Dunn's and Bradstreet's and pick out a girl duly

certified to as worth a sufficient quantity of dough. Then let the courtship proceed in orderly, mincing sequence, to its calm conclusion. Frappe, but O. K. Young Mr. Knox's unpardonable sin was in selecting a girl who worked (yes, actually "clarked", doncherknow, in a drygoods store) for a living. No wonder the man who Operates the Universe should revolt at this *mesalliance!*

And the dear dailies which sent the report broadcast couched it in this delicate language: "The young woman who *claims* to be Mrs. Knox, Jr.," etc. Claims, forsooth! As if a virtuous girl who earned her bread couldn't make believable pretensions to legal wifehood!

Wise or unwise from the standpoint of their own happiness, the disrespect shown the former Miss Boler and present Mrs. Knox has shocked the public into a very prompt repudiation of Philander, Sr., as well as the sycophancy of a press that expressed the news item with such utterly unjustifiable coarseness.



An Efficiency Test

—Parker in the N. O. *Times-Democrat*

THE Postal Savings Bank Bill has passed the Senate and is now to be considered by the House. With scarcely an exception, the Democrats are against it, which indicates that their attitude is that of sheer obstruction. We need Postal Savings Banks, if for no other reason than to keep here the $76,622,629 that is sent to Europe as the surplus earnings of our foreign-born population which fears our present banking system. Since 1890, the tremendous sum of $640,640,817 has been drained out of America in this one way alone. With a singularly clarified prevision, the dear Democrats discover that the Postal Banks will be the precursors of a great central bank, being unable to see that the closer the Nation gets to its own money the better it will be. What objection would there be to a central bank that was a government bank and issued currency direct to the people, as the government should do? Between such a bank and the delegation of banking powers, as at present to the National banks (so-called) or the central bank as intended by J. Pierpont Morgan and his fellow-buccaneers, there is a great gulf fixed. You couldn't expect the Democrats to discover this, however. The precious souls have howled all their political life for an Income Tax and yet Georgia, and now Virginia, two States in which the stalwart, rock-ribbed, zinc-lined and copper-riveted Democracy has for decades held sway, have turned white around the gills at the ratification of this measure; and have discovered, after forty years of thundering for it, that the measure should be viewed with suspicion, sniffed at gingerly, and altogether be regarded as some wierd, unfamiliar contrivance that may turn out to be a trap if they are not wary. Oh, they are a bright bunch of Cannonites when it comes to

THE POSTAL SAVINGS BANK BILL OPPOSED BY DEMOCRATS.

betraying their constituencies; but let any decent legislation come up that could be put through by a Republican majority, which of course stole the aforesaid decent legislation from the Populist platform, and at once the Democrats do their feeblest, little best to bring about its hindrance or defeat.

"I AM glad I am President because I can be useful", said our Beloved. The dear soul!

TAFT'S SIMPLE CREED.

He is one of the most useful beings that ever could exist—a horrible example. He's been usful to the public in showing them the kind of a President to avoid in future; useful to the G. O. P. in splitting it up nicely in several places; useful to the Interests who can depend upon at least three more fat years of uninterrupted spoils. And he's been useful to himself in raking in all the emoluments of office. Taking it all around, there never WAS a more useful man than Taft.

NOW comes Jawn-D-of-the-halo, and demands of the Federal Government a license to create a corporation for giving away his Billion!

A BENEVOLENT TRUST.

Having stolen it from the toilers of the United States, he is fired with zeal to expend it in subsidizing education and everything else, everywhere in the world that dirty money will be taken under Rockefeller rules!

So, money is to be used to procure a charter (which Congress has no right to grant to any private corporation,) and the Standard Oil Trust glorified into a divine institution of benevolence. Nothing more outrageous has ever been made than such suggestion. If this law-breaking monopoly had been made to pay its penalty for crime, there wouldn't be any surplus to give away; the majesty of the law would have been upheld, and the republic honored as a sovereign able to do justice, instead of the groveling thing it is, when it has a Senator in the halls of the nation's capitol willing to introduce a bill to give legal sanction to the very men whose violations of law have brought them as criminals before the bar of the Supreme Court.

If Congress begins granting Federal licenses, any promoters having the price can obtain one to do business of any sort, anywhere, with or without the sanction of the laws of any State and centralization of power will be complete.

—Literary Digest

IN Korea, the unspeakable slaughter goes on that Japan may work out the salvation of the Koreans. If true reports could be obtained it is probable that, since the assassination of Prince Ito, the Japanese guerrillas have made of Korea little but a shambles. In this connection it is not improper here to remark upon the very dubious role played by the American missionaries in the bloody drama enacted: two of them, a Mr. Hulburt and Dr. Underwood being believed by

MISDIRECTED MISSIONARY ZEAL IN THE ORIENT.

many to have precipitated much of Korea's distress, by giving vastly more attention to an anti-Japanese political propaganda than to preaching the Gospel. It is said that Mr. Hulburt caused a secret mission to be sent to The Hague Conference, which had the untoward result of causing the Koreans to lose their autonomy, while these gentlemen are held to be responsible for stirring up much of the feeling which led to the death of Ito, which is being avenged by additional butcheries of the unfortunate Koreans.

Interference by missionaries in political affairs, as in China, Turkey and Korea, is not only unbecoming but should be absolutely checked. What Japan is doing in Korea is abominable, but it is no worse than what the very pious United States is doing in the Philippines, and what Christian England is doing in India, and did in South Africa, what Portugal did in the Kongo, and so on, *ad libitum*. It does credit to these missionaries that they can perceive Japan's wickedness, but it is strange they cannot understand how much better it would be to use their moral force in the United States, to help prevent our land from following in the gory track of Imperialism, than to foment strife in foreign fields.

Korea is not now able to resist Japan, and plots to do so can have but the result of bringing down vengeance upon innocence and helplessness. The unwisdom, to say nothing of the impropriety, therefore, of American missionaries assisting revolution is obvious. As American citizens it would still be unbecoming to do other than to try to induce this Government to use its power to check Japan. In that way, much might be accomplished toward alleviating the wrongs from which Korea suffers. But for men to go as preachers and teachers of religion and turn themselves into incendiaries, depending upon their home country to protect *them* from the doom they bring upon others, is one of the worst of the abnormalities into which foreign missions has degenerated.

The Sphinx

By John E. Rosser

Thou thought of never-ending time, stone-syllabled by ancient king,
Long cycles men have sought to know the words thy mute lips bring.
It is thine eyes that speak,—they that beheld the mighty Pharioh's hosts,
The legions of great Caesar, and Guard that loved Napoleon's boasts;
Thine eyes serene view all that is as they viewed all that long has gone,
And see a sure oblivion for what shall greet tomorrow's dawn.
More, thine eyes unmoving look beyond the limits of this hurtling clod
To where in nothingness thou fanciest shall lie the grave of God.

MY SON

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY

By CLARA DARGAN MACLEAN

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST MONTH)

CHAPTER II.

LATE one evening I was half dozing in my arm-chiar by the sitting-room window. The day had been intensely warm, and the entire household overpowered by some influence in the atmosphere. Guy had ridden off before the sunset. I saw him dashing down the avenue like one mad, and presently Eleanor went up the stairs with her light step, humming in a mocking voice, it seemed to me, a foolish little French *chanson*. I had left the two very good friends in the veranda after dinner; Guy smoking and playing with Eleanor's ball of gold thread, while she sat demurely netting on that wonderful piece of work, half smoking-cap, half turban; but somehow, these latter days, there was a provoking air about Eleanor that seemed at times to goad Guy almost to desperation. I knew now she had been teasing him again—my poor boy, who had never been denied the smallest boon in all his short, bright life.

From where I sat I could see Eleanor's white dress gleaming between the rose-vines as she sat on the steps of the piazza, half hid from view by thick clusters of multiflora and drooping sprays of clematis. She had a manuscript-book in her hand—this very one that lies beside me now—while her chin rested in the palm of the other, and her head was bowed in deep reverie. There was a step on the gravel, and I heard her say without raising her head: "Come here, Guy; I have something to read to you—" and then went on, in a low steady monotone peculiarly impressive in its exquisite modulation—flowing on like the sound of water far off:

"Have you sent her all her letters? Have you given her back her ring?
Have you striven to forget the songs you loved to hear her sing?
Have you cursed the day you met her first—thanked God that you were free?
And said in your inmost heart as you thought: 'She never was dear to me?'
You have cast her off; your pride is touched; you fancy that all is done—
That for you the world is bright again, and bravely shines the sun:
You have washed your hands of passion—you have whistled her down the wind—
Ah, Tom, old friend, this goes before—the sharpest comes behind!
Yes, the sharpest is yet to come for Love is a plant that never dies,
Its roots are deep as the earth itself—its branches wide as the skies;
And wherever once it has taken hold, it flourishes evermore,
Blossoming still, and bearing its beautiful fruit with the bitter core.

* * * * * * *

Oh, Tom, you say it is over—you talk of letters and rings,
Do you think Love's mighty spirit, then, is held by such trifling things?
No! if you once have truly loved, you still will love on, I know,
Till the church-yard myrtle blossoms above, and you lie mute below!"

She stopped, and it seemed like the breaking of a dream. Guy sat at her feet; I could not see his face, but I heard his quick breath come and go, as if he panted for relief.

"Eleanor!" he exclaimed in a hoarse voice, "don't torture me!"

"Torture you, Guy!"

"Yes, you know you do! Eleanor, you have won me with your siren songs, and now you wreck me without a shadow of remorse or feeling!"

"It is not my fault that you love me; I never encouraged you."

"Not your fault!" exclaimed Guy, in that passionate, uncontrollable manner which he so often used of late. "Not your fault! Did you not look into my face with those beautiful eyes of yours and say plainly with them, again and again, that you accepted my love? Did you not flatter me to fawn at your feet and listen to those verses you knew would craze my very brain, and say it is not your fault that I love you; Oh, Eleanor, Eleanor!"

"Guy, you wrong me! Listen, for I *will* speak—" He interrupted her with a gesture eloquent of despair:

"Don't, Eleanor! I know you are going over all those cruel words again—about my being younger than you, and how I surprise you, and the utter absurdity—all those words mean nothing to me. I don't believe any of it! Just tell me now, once and forever—do you not love me at all—not at all?"

He leaned forward so eagerly and caught her hand. There was a brief silence; and I waited to hear Eleanor North speak. She only said in a half-suppressed, breathless way:

"I am engaged!"

I could not endure it. I rose from my seat, and went out into the piazza, where the moon, lately risen, shed its clear, pure light over the two figures on the steps, and I saw my boy sitting there as one stunned, looking straight into the face before him—so fair, and yet so false.

"Eleanor North," I said, "may God deal with you as you have dealt with my son!"

* * * * *

Guy and I were alone. The old clock ticked drowsily in the motionless noonday air; but no other sound broke the intense stillness.

"Is she gone, mother?" Guy asked, raising his head from the arm of the sofa, as suddenly the tramp of horses and rolling of wheels over the old bridge at the creek came distinctly upon the silence; and I heaved a great sigh of relief, knowing that the fatal shadow of one sylph-like form would not darken our doors again.

Guy repeated his question. I only bowed my head, and asked him if he would have anything—a glass of iced water, or a cooled melon, or—

"Nothing—nothing, mamma! Just let me rest!" and he put down his head again and sighed heavily.

Oh, was his mother's love nothing to him! He was all the world to me, yet I was powerless to comfort him. I knelt down by the sofa and placed my hand on the shining curls, now so disheveled with restless tossings to and fro, and twined them softly round my fingers.

"Guy, my boy, you have your mother still!"

He threw his arm around me, and though the eagle eyes had lost their splendor, they beamed with tenderness.

"I have my mother still! Yes, thank God! I have been a wayward, ungrateful boy, but I am strong now. Forgive me, mamma! Your Guy has not lost all his manhood; he will try to be a better son in future."

There was a tinge of bitterness in his voice, but he conquered it as he went on.

"I was blind, infatuated! There is no language strong enough to express how madly I have dreamed, and what the breaking of that dream has cost me. But it is past. Come what will, I shall be strong!"

He rose as he spoke—he expanded. I saw my Samson break the cords of the enchantress and defy the Philistines. His locks were not shorn; he threw them back with a princely grace, and as I looked upon his face, wearing that smile of conscious strength and unconquerable pride, I thought I heard Eleanor North murmuring: "My king!"

But she was far away now.

From that day my boy was a man. In three short months he had lived years, and the gay, careless days, so briefly passed, never returned again. He did not mope nor lounge. Taking the present as a loan from heaven, he went forward as a dependable debtor, to pay it with interest in Eternity. Those summer days were never alluded to; and when some garrulous neighbor mentioned, as a piece of village gossip, that our beautiful guest, Miss North, was about to be married to her cousin, Frank Hastings, only a brief spasm contracted Guy's calm face, and he left the room hastily. In a few minutes he returned, and no visible trace of feeling remained, but a pallor which did not wear off for several days. Neither of us ever spoke of it.

In the winter, my son went to spend the Christmas holidays with his father's relations in Berkshire. He was loth to leave me, we were so quiet and content together now; but I believed a short respite from plantation cares, and a glimpse of the world would benefit him; and he returned looking happy, with even a dash of his old mischievous manner. I told him one day I thought fashionable life must be very congenial to his temperament; I would like him to go again soon to Berkshire.

"And so I will, mamma dear, and you shall go with me, for I want to show you the dearest little seventy-first cousin, and see how you would like her for a daughter-in-law."

It was a careless, laughing speech; he did not mean a word of it, and little Lucy Ravenel was not in all his thoughts. But for all that he went again the following Christmas, and I went with him. The third Christmas after found little Lucy my daughter-in-law.

She was a gentle little creature, with dark-brown eyes, full of kindness and truth and sincerity. Guy was very proud of his wife, and when I saw him take the tiny figure, scarcely reaching to his elbow, and lift her up as a mere plaything, I thanked God in my heart of hearts that He had overruled all these seemingly unhappy events for the welfare of him who was the apple of my eye—the only hope of my declining years.

It was beautiful to see the tender care which Guy bestowed upon his wife. Though much his junior—a mere child in appearance—she had a thoughtful earnestness which dignified every word and action, and insensibly she twined herself around the pillar of our household, at once adorning and supporting it.

Five years rolled by, with few incidents to mark the changing seasons, and it seemed scarcely so many months since Guy had brought to our home her whom he fondly called his "wee wifey", when I placed in the arms of the delighted father what we had all so longed and prayed for, a little babe—his first-born. The light of boyhood shone in his wondering eyes as he lifted the tiny pink fingers of the stranger and caressed them with inexpressible gentleness. Old Dinah stood by, very much elated by her newly acquired dignity of head-nurse. She smoothed her apron and looked from Guy's glowing face to the half-visible bit of mortality in his arms, and whispered audibly:

"Ought to call 'um Guy North—dat's ole fam'ly name."

It was the first time we had heard the fatal sound in many years, and Guy started. He looked fiercely at the loquacious old nurse for a moment, and then gave the babe into my arms, and asked quietly if he might see Lucy.

This was in October, and before the frost whitened the fields, Guy laid his "wee wifey" to rest in the family graveyard. She faded silently but rapidly. Even to the last moment, when hope was utterly fled, the patient, loving girl-wife forgot not her marriage vow, but strengthened and

supported him whom she had promised to "love and cherish till death do us part."

When the gentle voice was at last hushed, and the little white hands folded over the faithful breast, Guy's great heart seemed breaking with its burden. So sad it was to see the young husband cling to the body of clay, and "refuse to be comforted". But at length faith triumphed. The lessons taught him during those weeks of illness, the example of Christian fortitude, and resignation in the daily life of his lost companion, found at last full fruition, and he could now look forward with a steady assurance to an eternal reunion with her who had but "gone before".

The following spring war broke out, and with his leal sword buckled on, my boy went to the rescue of his country's honor. When he came to bid farewell to me and Guy Ravenel, Jr., he took the babe in his arms and carried it to the window.

"My little Guy," he murmured, "my first-born." Then he turned to me and said:

"Don't you think he looks like Lucy, mother?"

There was not a feature hers—the child was the counterpart of its father—but he fondly imagined so, and I never undeceived him.

"It has my eyes and hair, but this pretty little mouth is hers, and this delicate skin—my Lucy's."

Then he brought the child back, laughing and crowing and catching at the star on his father's collar. He strained us both to his breast in one convulsive grasp, and was gone.

It would have been very lonely in that great house but for the baby voice of Guy, Jr. Sometimes I felt as if I were living over the years of my early motherhood, he was so like what his father had been, and old Dinah delighted to recite the stories of my boy's infancy, and allude, in her privileged way to the time when "Mas' Guy was a baby."

He had been gone many months, and the blessed season of peace was approaching to find the land deluged in blood. A few days before Christmas a carriage drove up the avenue, and a lady descended alone, draped in the heaviest mourning.

"Who can it be, Dinah?" I wondered, as the figure, approaching nearer, stopped for a moment on the steps and looked around with unusual interest.

"I dunno, Missis, but 'pears to me like Miss Eleanor's walk;" and she laid the baby, who was sleeping in her arms, in the cradle, and went to the door. Before I could collect myself Eleanor North stood before me.

"Aunt Emily, I have come back a changed and penitent woman. Will you forgive me and forget the past?"

She had thrown back the long veil,—her face, paler than of yore, her eyes sunken, her beautiful blonde hair no longer tinged with its sunlight glow, she was less lovely but more lovable. There was a chastened expression about her mouth, and as she stood there with long years softening the memory of her sin, I heard the good angel whispering in my heart, "Until seventy times seven!"

"I forgive you, Eleanor," I said; "may God forgive you too."

She fell upon my neck and wept bitterly.

"Your curse followed me, Aunt Emily," she said, between the sobs; "Heaven has punished me sorely. I am without a relation in the world to whom I can turn for affection. Death has torn from me all I loved."

"Are you a widow, Eleanor?" I asked, dreading the revelation to follow.

"I never married," she replied; "I could not be so false. My cousin loved me truly, but I had no heart to give him, and he released me. Then he died with bitter reproaches upon his lips;

my aunt never forgave me for destroying his happiness. Seven miserable years have I lived among strangers, only comforted by the affection of little Paul. Then he too died, and I am alone—utterly alone and desolate!"

She folded her thin white hands, the personification of despair. I took them in my own and kissed her.

"Eleanor, child, I loved your mother as if she were my own sister. Come and live with me; the past is forgotten."

"No, Aunt Emily, that can not be; I have a comfortable home, and have only come to ask your love and forgiveness. If you will only give me that I am content. I deserve to be alone through life, and I will not murmur at my sorrowful lot, nor even pray for its mitigation."

"You are wrong, my child; this certainly is not the spirit of that blessed religion which teaches us to ask, that we may receive. Heaven does not require this severe penance which you inflict upon yourself."

She did not answer, but I saw argument was useless. As we sat there silent before the blazing fire, Eleanor's face settled into a resolved and patient expression. There was a stir in the cradle, and little Guy commenced cooing softly. Eleanor started painfully.

"It is only my baby grandson," I said; and as I took him from his warm nest the birdie's song grew louder, and he lifted his wee hands to catch the lamp: "Yes, this is Guy Ravenel, Jr."

The pale face glowed. She caught the child from my arms and kissed him again and again.

"Pretty darling—precious little darling!" she murmured; and sweet baby names, the tenderest diminutives she lavished, mingled with caresses. I saw then that coquetry, not heartlessness had been the bane of Eleanor North's life. Women know where the difference lies.

Christmas was Eleanor's last day with me; she was to leave early next morning, and no entreaties could prevail upon her to remain longer. The stillness of the house seemed to oppress her at times, but there was an ineffable content in her pale face when she sat by little Guy's cradle and watched him asleep, or folded him in her arms. The short winter's day was closing in, and it was time to light the lamp, but we delayed, liking to sit there in the twilight by the fire. Little Guy was sleeping quietly in Eleanor's arms, his baby face nestled close to hers—a strange contrast—the peaceful infant and the unsatisfied woman! Presently Dinah called me, and I went out. Not many minutes had elapsed, but when I returned there was a tall figure standing in the doorway—a man it seemed—looking at the home-like tableau within. Eleanor was rocking to and fro, her cheek lying upon the baby's velvet face, and tears dropping quietly. Before I reached the door the figure entered.

"Do I see Eleanor North?" asked a voice we both knew but too well, thrilling to the heart's core.

Eleanor raised her face, but said not a word. She seemed turned to stone.

"My son—Guy!" I cried. "Do not upbraid her! Let the past be forgotten! Shall man be less merciful than God?" But it was easier for me than for him. He trembled like the strong oak beneath the storm-blast. His nature was too tenacious—too constant to forget so soon. The simple, child-wife of his manhood had never stirred the depths of his heart as the first love of his youth. The Scottish bard knew mankind when he wrote:

> "The fire that's blawn on Beltane's e'en
> May weel be black 'gin Yule;
> But blacker fate awaits the heart,
> When first fond love grows cool."

Guy had not forgotten Eleanor,—he had not forgiven her. He stood looking down upon her, and she almost cowered beneath his gaze which seemed

to ask haughtily: "What has brought you here?"

And then little Guy stirred in his sleep; the lips broke into a smile, and he nestled closer to Eleanor's bosom. The implacable man was vanquished. He took Eleanor's hand, and said simply: "We will be friends."

The evening passed swifty to us three, who had not met thus before for eight long years, and who, in God's Providence, were destined never to meet thus again. My soldier-boy was bronzed by exposure, and a full brown beard and moustache hid the smile which lighted his face with such peculiar beauty; but the eyes still shone with undimmed fire, and I knew Eleanor's heart told her he was unchanged —only grown stronger and nobler. She said very little and once or twice her voice faltered when some commonplace theme was being discussed; and she sat in an attitude of mute but eloquent attention when Guy told us of "the dangers he had passed." Poor child! poor child! Surely, when in after years this last evening was recalled she cancelled that sin of thoughtless vanity with the remorseful agony which only a woman, much-enduring, long-suffering and faithful can fully comprehend.

Eleanor left us next morning, heedless of all entraties. In vain Guy and I pleaded with her; she answered quietly: "You are very kind; but I must go."

When the carriage was at the door, Guy went into the sitting-room, and returned with his boy in his arms.

"See!" he said, as the child eagerly held out its hands with a gesture no woman can resist: "See how little Guy begs you to remain. You can not refuse him, Eleanor!"

It was cruel in Guy—there on those very steps where the words had been read:

> "Yes—the sharpest is yet to come—
> For Love is a plant that never dies."

Eleanor bent over the child for a moment, clasped my hand, and lowering her veil, walked steadily to the carriage. Guy was by her side, and I heard him say something in a low tone, to which the stifled reply alone reached me:

"It is too late, Guy—too late! You are in the prime of your manhood—I am old and faded. But if this confession can requite you for any suffering I have caused, take it—it is part of the penance due to you and to heaven—I have loved you since we first met!"

Then the carriage door closed, and Eleanor North looked upon my boy's face for the last time till they meet in Heaven.

* * * * *

It is all over now. I have seen the pine box that contained all of what was once Guy Ravenel. Upon it lay his plumed hat and sword—that leal sword which flashed in the blaze of death, as if swayed by an avenging angel. Pulseless was that noble, generous heart—silent the ringing voice that had cheered on thousands of patriots to conquer or die—and was the sweetest chord in all the music of his mother's life. But I gave him for my country;—the Spartan mother gave no more.

Tonight I sit here alone. Eleanor North has taken my grandson to visit his mother's relations in Berkshire. He is a beautiful child, with those proud, eagle eyes which he inherits, as he does his name; and the old house is not lonely when his bounding step is heard, racing over hall, and porch and lawn. He is an overbearing master; and his humble slave, Eleanor North, delights to do his slightest bidding. But Guy Ravenel, Jr., is not my own son; my heart clings to the memory of him who sleeps with the death-wound in his breast, under the ancestral oaks of the old family graveyard. Life has lost all its brightness for me, and I now only look forward to the Land of Rest where we will never more be parted, oh, Guy, my son—my son!

HISTORY AND PROGRESS OF MERCER UNIVERSITY

By DR. R. J. MASSEY

THE movement now on foot by the Georgia Baptist Convention to establish a Department of Agriculture at Mercer University, recalls the fact that "union of agricultural labor with literary study" was a feature decided upon in this institution before the school had first begun actual work seventy-five years ago.

At a meeting of the Baptist Convention of this State in 1829, it was reported that a brother, Josiah Penfield, of Savannah, having died, had left a bequest of $2,500 to aid in the education of poor young men preparing for the ministry, and to be under the direction of that body, upon the condition of raising an equivalent sum for the same object, the interest only of which should be used. The amount was at once subscribed by the brethren and friends present. Although it was not until the beginning of the year 1833 that the legacy was paid over to the convention and the equivalent made collectable. It was thought expedient by the convention in 1831 to establish a school, theological and literary, connected with manual labor, at as early a period as practicable in some convenient and central part of the State. To effect this without delay the Executive Committee of the Convention, whose province it is to transact all its business during its recess, was directed to procure subscriptions, to examine locations, to receive propositions and to report to their next annual meeting.

Church Handicapped by Illiteracy

At that early day, with a very few exceptions, the ministry of the Baptist Church throughout Georgia was almost without education. Although many of them men of strong common sense, understanding full well the plan of salvation, and often illustrating with great power the teaching of the Word by the light of their own deep Christian experiences, their lack of knowledge over the State about this time demanded a better educated ministy. Seeing the difficulties under which their preachers labored, many intelligent deacons and laymen, assisted by the few intelligent ministers, felt it their duty to raise funds to educate pious young men for the ministry. As these young men were generally poor, and came from the laboring classes, these good brethren felt that it was fit and proper that they should labor several hours in the day to help defray expenses.

While it was a manual labor school, hundreds of young men almost paid for board and tuition by working the farm and on the streets, many of whom have since nobly illustrated Georgia in the pulpit, at the bar, in Congress, and many other important stations.

"Three of the hardest days' work I ever did in my life was done right here during the fall of 1836, just twenty years ago, when 'old master' ordered Malcolm Johnston, Ben Thorpe and me to cut down a whopping big whiteoak tree, some three feet in diameter, and dig up every root we could find, within three days," said Hon. David E. Butler, of Madison, when on a visit to Penfield, Greene county, during the commencement of Mercer University of the year 1856. He was standing on the street north of the college campus, indulging in reminiscences of the first days of Mercer. That good old man, Rev. Billington M. Sanders, whom Butler called "old master", was the principal of the institute, and for many

years first President of Mercer University. During its first several years the school was a manual labor school, and Mr. Sanders overlooked the work of the boys on the farm, as well as taught them in the school-room. Hence the boys gave him the name of "Old Master" and his good wife "Old Miss", imitating the tender parlance of the Southern slave, always meant by these terms, sincerest devotion to their masters and mistresses. This was one year before the school had been raised to a college. The place known for many years as Redd's Farm, had been laid off into lots and streets were being run through the town, when this monster whiteoak was in the middle of a street.

First Prohibition Law

Mr. Butler continued: "About this time the Executive Board of the Trustees established the only then anti-liquor law in the State. They put in operation at once a measure making it a penalty for any one living in the new town to sell or even allow to be sold any intoxicating liquors on his lot. They inserted a clause in each deed, making a forfeiture to the title of any lot to a person who violated the above provision. In this respect good old Georgia was far ahead of Maine and the other States."

Johnston and Thorpe remained and graduated with the first class in 1841, Butler did not. Probably the impression made upon him by digging up this stump caused him, within a few months to enlist in Captain William C. Dawson's company, then being raised at Greensboro for the purpose of suppressing the Seminole Indians in Florida.

He soon became an eminent lawyer, able Baptist divine, prominent politician and statesman. He represented his county in the Georgia Legislature several terms and became President of the Board of Trustees of Mercer University.

During his long distinguished career he always with pride pointed to two acts of his life. One was, that during the year 1843, seven years after he dug up the stump on the campus, he went before the trustees and got them to abolish manual labor. The other was, that he was called upon by that great and good man, Mr. Mercer, to write his last will and testament, bequeathing many thousands to the University.

Richard Malcolm Johnston

Dick Johnston, next boy tackling the stump, developed into Richard Malcolmn Johnston, lifelong friend of Alex Stephens, eminent teacher, and author of national fame. Among his many works are "Biography of A. H. Stephens", "History of English Literature", "Lectures in English, Spanish and French Literature", "Old Times in Middle Georgia", "Mark Langston", and many other books of Middle Georgia reminiscences. He was Professor of "Belles-Lettres" in the University of Georgia fifteen years, and became LL.D. in 1896.

Ben Thorpe, Benjamin F. Thorpe, the third stump-digger, became a Baptist divine, served as pastor in various churches for fifty years. The Baptist Church at Perry, his native town, he served uninterruptedly for over forty years. He was also Trustee of Mercer University for forty-five years, was a member of the State Constitutional Convention of 1877. Becoming D.D. in 1873.

The Executive Committee was peculiarly fortunate in finding a man to take charge of such an institution, selecting as their first President Rev. B. M. Sanders, of Columbia county. He was a good scholar, a graduate of South Carolina College, a minister of many years, and a practical farmer. As a disciplinarian he was firm and rigid, at the same time kind and as affectionate as a father. In such light many of his students regarded him.

Mercer is Founded

After a faithful service of nine years Mr. Sanders retired. From his last report I quote: "At the meeting of the Convention in 1832 a subscription of $1,500 was reported, and the respective advantages of a variety of locations that had been examined. The one we now occupy was selected, the purchase ordered to be made, and the school to be gotten into operation if practicable by the beginning of the new year. The committee with whom it was a maxim 'not to go in debt', speedily made the best arrangements the means in hand would admit. These arrangements consisted of two double cabins, with a garret to each, for dwelling, for dining, and for study for both teachers and students. With these limited accommodations and with one assistant, I opened the institution in January, 1833, with thirty-nine students, having thirty-six of them to board in my own family. Among those were seven young men preparing for the ministry.

"I shall ever remember, with lively emotions of pleasure, the patience and cheerfulness with which the students of this year sustained the privations and trials to which they were subjected by their cramped circumstances. They may be truly said to have borne hardness like good soldiers. While living as in a camp in their midst, and burdened with the charge and responsibility of the literary, theological, laboring and boarding department, I found no little support in all my cares and labors, from witnessing that while they lived upon the cheapest fare, had no place for study but the common school-room, no place to retire for rest but the garret, without fire in the coldest weather, and labored diligently three hours every day, no complaint was heard, but the most entire cheerfulness ran through all their words and actions."

The second year's operations were commenced with increased accommodations, with an additional teacher, and eighty students, seventy of whom boarded in commons.

"Chinch Hall"

When I attended this institution as late as 1847, fourteen years after the beginning of the school, one of these double cabins stood to the right of the main walk in the grove, at the time all vestiges of "Old Master's" good work seemed to have departed. It stood alone in its glory, bearing the euphonious soubriquet of "Chinch Hall". Tradition hath it that one of the seventy who boarded in commons in 1834, not having the fear of "Old Master" or "Old Miss" before his eyes, dared to give it the euphonious name of "Chinch Hall". The name clung to it as long as there was a log left to mark the spot.

Professor Willet, in his resources to meet exigencies of the occasion, proved a fit successor to the worthy professor who had constructed an air-pump with his own hands. In a most entertaining address delivered by Judge Hillyer, who is himself a graduate of the institution, at the last commencement, he said:

"When in her infancy, at old Penfield, she built her first cabin in the woods, she had no apparatus and no money with which to purchase, but the gifted John F. Hillyer, her first instructor in natural sciences, out of wood and ivory and a sheet of brass, or such like rude material, with his own hands, made a theodolite, and an air-pump, both of which, as Professor Sanford tells us, answered their purposes surprisingly well. Those who know how costly and fine such instruments are at the factories of standard instrument-makers can better appreciate the skill, the fidelity and the zeal of our first professor in the sciences. These first instruments would be interesting relics to place beside the far finer outfit of latter days. But they are long since lost, just as Israel, it

would seem, lost the rod with which Moses smote the rock in the wilderness and the timbrel with which Miriam danced on the seashore.

Proved Rotation of the Earth

"I saw in a scientific periodical an account of the recent demonstration in Berlin, by a noted scientist, of the rotation of the earth on its axis by the Faucault pendulum experiment. It gave all the details. There was a long rod or pendulum hung high in a tower, with heavy leaden ball and sharp point swinging at the lower end, and the large graduated circle, in part of the arc of which the pendulum should make its predicted twelve hours' travel. Then there was the critical audience of students, professors and savants, who stood by admiring and giving the sure verdict of success. It was told as something not only striking, but new. Now, in 1852, only a few months after Faucault published his interesting discovery, I saw Professor Willet using the cupola on the old chapel in Penfield for his tower, and with a like long pendulum and heavy ball and graduated circle on the floor below, perform the identical experiment and make the demonstration with perfect success. I never knew Willet to be otherwise than charming and clear in demonstration."

Of that great and grand old man, Professor Sanford, who became connected with this institution in 1839, and served it consecutively fifty-three years, Judge Hillyer says:

"If you followed Sanford he would take you far up the mountainside in the pure air of logarythms and calculus, but I never saw any one who could go with him quite to the top. Those two men, when in their prime, were a joy and a sunbeam. Their inspiration has gone with me through life, and is with me yet."

Professor Willet served the college in one capacity forty-eight years, resigning at last on account of bad health.

As his consulting friend on all occasions as long as he was president of the college, Father Sanders had the Hon. Thomas Stocks, of Greene county. Besides giving many thousands of dollars to this noble institution, he gave much time and served as the President of its Board of Trustees for ever forty years gratuitously. His blameless life, his high and noble purposes, his patriotic spirit and rectitude of character made Judge Stocks beloved and respected by all who knew him.

He died in Greene county, October 6, 1876, when nearly ninety-one years of age. He could look back to the time when the Oconee was the western boundary of the State, and when men carried guns to the house of God on the Sabbath, and kept sentries standing to watch for the Indians. He lived, to his joy and delight, to see Mercer, who first housed boys in double log cabins, rise to be one of the foremost colleges in the land.

The Board of Trustees of this institution always considered it a matter of great importance to have good instructors, that the elevation of character and usefulness of a college depended more upon the talent and learning and moral principles of its faculty than on the number and splendor of its edifices.

How well they planned may be affirmed by the fact that during the administration of ex-Governor Northen, one of its alumni, six of the eleven Congressmen of Georgia, then at Washington, were at one time graduates of this institution. Also Mercer has sent her boys over into Alabama and to the Lone Star State to occupy the executive chairs of these great commonwealths.

Boys Join the Army

Of course, during the spring of 1861 most of the boys of Mercer, as was the

case with every Southern youth, joined the Confederate Army. A skeleton, though, of the college organization was kept up until the close of the war. The two senior members of the Faculty, Professors Sanford and Willet, realizing as compensation what little could be gotten from the students in attendance, kept the institution going and held a *quasi* commencement in 1865. They also carried on the mixed studies of preparatory and college classes. In December, 1865, the University began a regular course upon the recognition of the Faculty. At first only three professors were elected, but there was not a full Faculty until 1867. The young men were noted for orderly conduct and great application.

In an unexpected manner the war affected the location of the college, so that very soon it was served to remove the institution to Macon, the city of Macon giving a certain number of scholars, seven acres of land on Tatnall Square and $125,000 in bonds.

Today, with her several hundred thousand endowment, her splendid college buildings, magnificent grounds, college library, two society libraries, her hundreds of preachers having borne the prize in five successive intercollegiate debates, her men nobly illustrating Georgia in every department of life from Maine to California—even sending missionaries to Africa, Japan, and China—good old Mercer should never despise the day of her humble beginning.

LILLIAN CLIETT
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Cliett

Spring—(*In the Factory*)

Helen De Lacy Conway

All through the golden afternoon
I toil the hours away.
Outside—I watch with wistful eyes—
The winds and leaves at play.
And wistfully I long to share
The Glories of the Day.

The sapphire skies, the scented earth,
All Death and Coldness fled—
The warm, glad Sun, the Robin's mirth
Now dreaded Winter's dead,
As sweet he sings with joy of Life,
To blossoms overhead.

All through the golden afternoon
I toil the hours away.
Outside—I watch with wistful eyes—
The winds and leaves at play,
And wistfully I long to share
The Glories of the Day.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

By ALICE LOUISE LYTLE

The Popularity of Spreads

HEN Man starts out to do anything from a revolution to raising a fund for anything, he eats first. If you hear of anything started by a man that didn't begin with the eats, label it and preserve it.

A new slaughter-house began operations in Atlanta recently. They had a banquet.

A lot of missionary workers got together to discuss how they would spend other people's money. They had a banquet.

A number of engineers were anxious to discuss plans for a new bridge. They did—at a banquet.

A medical college felt good because the students had learned a lot in the gentle art of carving up anatomies—so the college had a banquet.

Some politicians felt so elated at the way their jobs were panning out, they celebrated with a banquet.

And there isn't anything from a birth to a funeral (with allowances made for all the subsequent corpse did before the finale), that isn't celebrated or observed with a "spell of eatin'."

This proves conclusively that Man, in the concrete, is becoming a profound philosopher.

Nobody can have a grouch after a pleasant meal.

Of course somebody pays for all the eats, but where's the use looking for disagreeable data when one has had one's palate tickled with "the best the market affords"?

Wives who desire to hold the slippery affections of husbands have long been warned to "feed the brutes", but it would seem corporations are also rising to an appreciation of the value of the advice, and are doing likewise.

Since Men Took Note

A long time ago shop-keepers didn't bother much about trying to display men's wear to attract the male element into buying.

Life was simpler for the man of those days: a shirt was just a shirt: usually white, with a boiler-plate bosom and a collar which was in the nature of a white fence.

Hats were of the preacher or stovepipe variety, the stiff or Derby make, or the good old "slouch" of no particular breed.

The average man of the ordinary class bought one suit of clothes in the winter, one in the summer and wore the assortments of other suits indiscriminately. as they lasted.

For every-day wear the trousers of year-before-last were sometimes good enough for the coat and vest of last year; or vice versa.

Then man woke up one day to the beauty and comfort of a "negligee" shirt. The absence of the starched bosom and the comfort of a low, soft collar appealed to him, and he welcomed the addition to his wardrobe.

Next the possibilities of being comfortable in linen and cotton weaves in the summer struck him as good logic, and he began to adopt something besides serge for summer wear.

The window-dresser now has a wealth of material at his disposal which makes every man who passes a man's store turn his eyes as longingly as ever a woman's do to a window full of lingerie.

And the dizzy looking combinations which have gradually evolved!

How many sober hat-bands do you see on men's straw hats in the good old summer time?

Mighty few.

How many "sporty looking" elderly

gentlemen do you see with glad and happy looking "hosiery" on?

About nine out of ten.

How many stiff-bosomed shirts are seen outside an evening gathering where full dress is the rule?

Never a one.

And Woman has benefited to this extent: since Man has realized the happiness to be gotten from joyful raiment, he has been more interested and more generous in his desire to gratify the feminine longing for it, and at the same time he adds to the gayety of nations by patronizing the art of dress himself.

House-Cleaning

Now draweth forth the time most dreaded of men (next to Easter), and in the annals of family history it is known as "house-cleaning".

Next to turkey and pumpkin pie at Thanksgiving, firecrackers at Fourth of July and pie for dessert, "house-cleaning" is ranked as an important American institution.

For weeks before the attack, the Lady of the House begins to sniff suspiciously at the rooms which have so closely and happily housed the family all winter.

In her mind's eye she sees cartloads of dust under the carpets and more behind the pictures; the curtains must come down, she tells herself, and the rugs up; beds and furniture are all loaded "with germs and things".

This is where Father jumps the job, if he can, but if he can't he prepares to put in about three weeks of discomfort that makes him long to be a wooden Indian or a panhandler.

And the house reeks with soapsuds, furniture polish, strange char women and uncomfortable meals.

Nothing is ever put back to where it was before the upheaval. The sideboard is switched from its accustomed place and put where Father bumps into it in the dark; the hall-rack is changed and everybody falls over it for the first week of its new location.

Familiar articles, worn and homely with use, are discarded, and the whole family (excepting Mother) feels as though it needed to be introduced, to be made to feel at home.

Usually Mother goes to bed after her session with the bucket and brush brigade, but she lays herself calmly down to a siege of nervous prostration in the sublime faith of a good job well done. And Father hasn't been brave enough to voice his sentiments yet.

If the fishing would be good at the time house-cleaning is "in", all would be well, but in this vale of tears, what would you?

A Descendant of Job

The lineal descendant of Job has been found.

He is a young man, and he earns his living by fitting shoes on women who would rather wear several sizes smaller than Nature meant them to.

And he ought to draw a fat salary with the assurance of a pension when he has become a doddering idiot.

One day recently a large, impressive-looking lady came to the young man: she wanted a pair of shoes; evening shoes; black suede; high-heeled; yes, she knew her size, it was three and a half.

The young man is blessed with clear vision and by a process of mental calculation he knew the natural dimension of the foot before him.

A long time ago manufacturers reached the conclusion that the average woman was ashamed of the size of her foot, so a cabalistic code of numbering was established by which only "the trade" could recognize sizes.

So when the patient young man returned with an armful of shoes likely to measure up to specifications (and the foot) he proceeded to try one on.

The lady liked it; it was black; it had a high heel; it was of suede; and it fit.

Idly she picked up the mate and looked it over critically; inside the figures "0450" were stamped—and the lady got mad. She declared the shoe was a four and a half; the young man demurred; the lady pointed to the figures. The young man explained that was the "trade number". But the lady was doubtful of his veracity; she kicked off the shoe and refused to become the owner of it.

It fit, and nothing but caprice made her decline to accept it as the logical choice.

But, being a vain woman, (which means a woman willing to suffer any torture rather than be comfortable,) she passed up the chance of owning a really nice looking pair of shoes.

And the patient young man has become so accustomed to this as a daily episode, he says nothing, but proceeds to fit other shoes on other feet and continues to lie about the size of said feet.

And this scene is enacted daily in every one of the shoe-shops in every big city.

There isn't any moral nor any lesson, but the suggestion of a pension for the young man should meet with general and hearty favor.

Hats and Hair

Whenever Man decides to make Woman change any of her varied ways, Woman gets busy devising other ways to upset Man's efforts and calculations.

Which is shown by the true history of "The Attempt to Abolish the Big Hat", or "Man's Effort to See all of the Show he Has Bought Tickets For".

It's this way: the hats women have worn this winter have grown and spread until it was a problem as to how some little women could carry so much hat.

With pompadours going "out", Man fondly hoped there would be a reduction in the dimension of the Hat; but there wasn't.

And the women who went to matinees and moving-picture shows insisted on keeping on their hats, despite the feeble wails of the-man-who-sits-behind.

Then the Law was appealed to, and in many cities the edict went forth that the Hat was to be removed whenever a woman went to the theatre, picture show, or matinee.

What did Woman do?

Quietly submit and meekly uncover her locks when she entered the amusement hall?

Oh yes—not.

She took off the Hat, but the-man-who-sits-behind was "stumped".

The pompadour was replaced with a hair "turban" which fits on the head at any old angle.

The rear elevation is about forty-five degrees. Over this the hair (bought or otherwise) is drawn, and around and about it are large, fat braids of hair which add about steen inches to the effect, and Woman smiles serenely as she realizes that she has obeyed the Law implicitly.

And the-man-who-sits-behind gnashes his teeth and says things as he dodges about in a vain effort to catch a glimpse of the stage, but the woman-with-the-hair is busy dodging, also, that she may get a look or two at the stage which the mountain of hair in front of her is obstructing.

Will theatrical managers have to put up a notice asking ladies to remove their hair with their hats?

If the landscape gardening of coiffures keeps on, undoubtedly this will have to be the next move.

There is no end to the possibilities of hair architecture, and as most of the "creations" are bought ready to pin on, women with scanty locks will continue to go out wearing all their purses can stand and their hairpins hold.

Poor Man has no way to get back at these spoilers, and it would seem his only recourse now lay in an effort to have the stage literally elevated.

A GEORGIA CAMPMEETING IN TOM WATSON'S COUNTRY

By REV. JAMES W. LEE

(From the Atlanta *Constitution*)

WHENEVER a man, by his pen, or his brush, or his sword, converts his genius into literature, or art, or history, it is the custom to make over to him the region that produced him and call it his country. Losing himself in a deed, such a person finds himself multiplied by a State. Surrendering himself to an idea, he finds himself magnified by the universal mind. By going down into an enduring work, he finds himself coming up with the land of his birth gleaming about him. John Bunyan lost himself in an allegory, he dreamed in jail, and found himself a flaming evangel flying on the wings of morning to feed the spirit of piety everywhere. Florence Nightingale lost herself in service for the Crimean soldiers, and found herself walking down the aisles of pain in every hospital on the globe. So we have Bunyan's country, Nightingale's country, Shakespeare's country, Milton's country, Burke's country and Dickens' country. We have Amesbury, in Whittier's country, and Concord in Emerson's country, and Springfield in Lincoln's country, and Arlington Heights in Lee's country, and Monticello in Jefferson's country.

The section around Thomson is Watson's country, as the country about Crawfordsville is that of Alexander H. Stephens. No land becomes really significant until its soil, its atmosphere, its hills and its sky get transmuted through the genius of one or more of its sons into a book, or a painting, or a life of permanent value. Tourists do not go to Scotland to see lakes and mountain stretches of heather: they go there to see the country transfigured and colored in the glorious hues of Sir Walter Scott's imagination. Travelers do not go to Florence to see the River Arno, and the slopes of the Apenines; they go there to see where Savanarola lived and was burnt; where Michael Angelo saw angels in stone and brought them forth to live in the light; where Benvenuto Cellini saw the head of Medusa in brass, and forced Perseus to step forth in bronze to hold it in sight of the ages forever, and where more famous men have lived and toiled and suffered than ever in any city of the same size played their part on earth before.

"The Story of France", "The Life of Napoleon", "The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson", seem to be mere by-products of Mr. Watson's mind. They appear to be creations thrown out by his intellectual machinery while the wheels of his thought were really engaged turning off some schemes of political reform, and finance. But in the years to come, when the kings and captains of Populism have all departed, and when the tumult and the shouting over passing and perishing interests of the time have ceased, it will, in my judgment, be seen that the by-products of Mr. Watson's life are the ones by which he will be remembered. The things he did in the interims of elections and political conflicts, merely to keep himself entertained and busy when nothing of Populistic moment was doing, will in the years to come be accepted as the valuable contributions he made to his generation and time.

The conditions under which Mr. Watson's books were written reveal him in a most striking and admirable light. He was defeated in his race for the United States Congress, but he got even with

disaster by retiring into his library and constructing a Congress of his own with Thomas Jefferson as its central figure. The courage and strength of will he evinced, when turned back from the Congress he sought to enter, in going to his home in Thomson and there calling one into being that had been, and taking his seat along with the mighty of bygone times, mark him as a son of Georgia, one of whom we should all be proud. Almost any man can go to Congress if he gets votes enough, but how many defeated aspirants can we call to mind who have had the material in the depths of their souls out of which to make one? It seems to me that the ability to make a Congress and people it with great legislators, is infinitely higher than the capacity to go to one already made and there distinguish oneself as a general thing by feats no more exalted than signing receipts for one's pay.

The triumph of Mr. Watson is similar to that achievement of Epictetus, who, though a slave, broke, by means of a book, through his shackles into the freedom of all ages. Out of his essays he built a seaworthy literary ship to bear his name to all the shores of human thought, while that of his poor master passed out of mind as soon as he died.

For many years I was not able to take Mr. Watson's measure. At first, I thought he was a political sailor, who managed to lighten his ship by letting go a lot of worthless freight, that served as so much flotsam and jetsam to litter the sea of Georgia's history. But when his books appeared, it was evident that back of them there was something far beyond the wild, ordinary specimens of sockless, palpitating Populism one was accustomed to read about in the newspapers.

With Mr. Watson's political heresies, if he be guilty of any, I am not, in this notice, concerned.

But by what he has done, in the line of research, and study, and achievement, in the department of history, he has made us all his debtors. Writing, as everybody knows, when at the level maintained by Mr. Watson in his historical books, is very difficult work. Discipline and self-control and persistent exercise of will are necessary to make headway in such mental enterprises. When one looks beneath "The Story of France"; "The Life of Napoleon", etc., and remembers what such records of a great nation, and of great men involve, he can hardly withhold from Mr. Watson the praise due any man who detaches himself sufficiently from the strife and turmoil of a stormy life to perform fine work entirely aside from the ordinary levels of human endeavor.

He has achieved distinction among us of a character not only to reflect credit upon Columbia county, but upon his native State. He has made a lasting contribution to that intangible something which gives to a country attractiveness and interest. He has furnished his fellow townsmen something with which to answer the question of a stranger passing through Thomson when he asks who lives here? To such queries, they can reply now by mentioning the name of Thomas E. Watson. He has given the significance that comes from a work of universal value to his section. He has helped to make it live above the level of Bermuda grass and watermelons and groundpeas. He has lifted it from the domain of sand to that of thought. He has converted his own county from a cotton plantation into an ideal realm, large enough, and rich enough, for all lovers of history to stand in and enjoy. A country never really lives until it is idealized and put to palpitating. Thousands of our countrymen go to Europe every year, but scarcely a person from Europe ever comes here, unless it be on business. I asked an intelligent Englishman, I met in Switzerland a few weeks ago, to tell why

his countrymen never came to America? He said it was because we had no works of art, no products of genius, worth mentioning. They did not care to see enormous reaches of territory, and thirty-story buildings and great cities. Hence they went for their vacations to Italy, or to Egypt, or to France, or to Greece. Like any other American in love with his country, I did not enjoy his answer. There was an English bluntness and straightforwardness about it, that did not please me. But I was standing by Thorwaldsden's "Lion of Lucerne" far from home, in the land of William Tell, and I saw nothing to gain by taking offense.

Our day will come. As a nation, we are young. We have been building the foundations of material well-being. All beauty has not been exhausted in Italy, nor all music in Germany, nor all thought in England. There are inexhaustible stores, never yet drawn upon, waiting for our vision and intellectual industry. In the meantime we can do nothing better than cherish and cheer every man among us who attempts intangible and yet necessary lines of mental enterprise.

I.

The object of my visit to Tom Watson's country was to be present at a Georgia campmeeting, out through the cotton-fields, ten miles from Thomson. Rev. Dr. John W. Heidt, the presiding elder of the Augusta district, is the ecclesiastical superintendent of a region famous for campmeetings since the early days of Dr. Lovick Pierce. He was kind enough to invite me to the White Oak, the central and topmost one in all the State. As an elder, Dr. Heidt has, perhaps, had more service than any of our preachers in this half of the State. He was my presiding elder, when, without experience, I found myself on the Long Cane Circuit thirty years ago. He made the address in my behalf when my name was before the conference for admission into full connection. It is the custom for young ministers to retire while the presiding elder is representing them at this juncture of their career. I started out of the room, but before I reached the door Dr. Heidt was in the midst of his speech on my case. I hardly knew myself as the person whose picture he was drawing with such full, free, sympathetic hand for the eyes, called ears, of the brethren. But I must confess that the artistic work he was doing in so hearty a fashion was not altogether unpleasant to my susceptible nerves. In fact, to make a clean breast of it, I thought his address on that occasion was the most musical and entirely up to the style of the occasion I had ever heard. I have never ceased to think that the sunny and great-hearted presiding elder of the LaGrange District did himself and the cause he represented great honor that day.

A young minister would be ashamed not to swim after being pitched into the ecclesiastical current from a springboard of fitting statement like that. I heard Dr. Heidt represent another promising young preacher at the conference last year. He had not lost the art. There was the same whole-souled movement, no qualifying phrases, no distinctive conjunctions, no seeming fears hidden in his words. He threw out the facts about his man in such a way as to leave no doubts as to what he meant. He never seemed to be afraid of giving a poor young preacher the big-head, but rather indicated that he would not cry if he did. He appeared to feel that most youngsters would be rather helped than hindered by a first-class send-off when starting on the theological road. He recognized perhaps that steep climbing was ahead of them, but saw no use in magnifying the difficulties until they were reached. His method was to cheer and encourage. I am sure after his speech on my case, I walked about among the breth-

ren with a sense of significance I had not known before. But this did not harm me. There were plenty of pessimistic surgeons ready with their sharp instruments to let out any overplus of optimistic blood that might happen to be flowing too freely in one's veins. When, therefore, the tones of the same voice, that fell with such soothing effect on my ears in the conference room years ago, came over the telephone asking me to attend the White Oak campmeeting, nothing was left me but to say, "Yes, sir, I will go, anywhere—to the swamps, to the mountains, to the seaboard—wherever you say."

The White Oak campground is located in a settlement peopled from the start by as good folks as ever lived on Georgia soil. In the neighborhood are the Neals, the Reeces, the Doziers, the Smiths and acres of others whose names are as fragrant as the flowers in their gardens. They have practiced the principles of the Christian religion, until the plan of salvation may be clearly seen in the depths of their straight-looking eyes. They have associated with the true and the beautiful and the good, until they have translated all three from qualities into pulsations. They have been intimate with goodness so long and find it so wholesome, that it is a problem with them, why every person does not take to saintly living, just as bees take to honey on clover blossoms.

The sight of an old-fashioned Georgia campground was not new to me. My father was accustomed to tent from my earliest recollections at the one connected with our church. The tents at the White Oak, the shingle-roofed stand in the center, the straw for carpets, the curling smoke from the cooking places, the old-time darkies to help with the work, were all in evidence. I almost felt, as I walked into this center of shade and song and prayer, that my father and mother were there, and that Uncle Joel Stansel and Uncle Henry Clark and Dr. Means were on hand to do the preaching. A sort of dim impression like this was upon my mind from the time I arrived early Monday morning until I walked from the preachers' tent up to the eleven o'clock service. There before me, it seemed, were the same old saintly faces I had met before. There was the very seat, just three rows back from the front, my mother was accustomed to occupy. But I was half-way dreaming, she was not there, but there was in the same place a mother in Israel inspired by the same hope and drinking from the same springs of life my mother knew.

The whole situation affected me profoundly. Ideas that had been entertained from time to time, that the day of the camp-meeting was over, were dissipated like mists before the sun. That a campmeeting in such a place and among such a people was a good thing, I had not the slightest doubt. It furnished a social and spiritual center for the community. It was the place and the time for home-comings to scattered members of the different families. Here the neighborhood embraced by a ten-mile circle annually met to renew the ties of friendship and to pray for the blessings of Heaven on their homes and hearts. Thirty great, doubled, weatherboarded tents, surrounded the square. They were large enough to accommodate inside and out, fifteen hundred people. This number was multiplied by four on Sunday. But the average daily attendance on the services was from twelve to fifteen hundred.

Dr. Heidt issued his appointments, morning by morning. The preachers received them like soldiers taking orders from the commander-in-chief. The influence of the Gospel was clearly seen. Young men and women and children, by the scores, manifested their desire to live after the same fash-

ion their grandfathers and their fathers and mothers had set for them. They sought peace and pardon and power in a most simple and direct manner. The singing and the preaching moved the people's thoughts and stirred their hearts. The campground is to be enlarged and improved and many new families will come up from their plantations to enjoy the services next year.

How it ever happened that Kerry Mills named his two-step march "At a Georgia Campmeeting", I can not make out. And yet this popular ragtime instrumental piece of music is the one in which the Georgia campmeeting is sailing on all the seas, and calling forth applause from the concert halls of all the Christian world.

I heard "At a Georgia Campmeeting" on the Grand Canal in Venice, and I heard it in Paris. Just as Stephens Collins Foster made a little river in Florida flow through all lands under the sun, by his "Old Folks At Home", so Kerry Mills has our Georgia campmeeting marching under all skies to the music of a two-step march.

April

Jake H. Harrison

With smiles and tears, and laughter gay,
See April tripping down the way.
The birds are here, her smiles to greet,
The grass spreads carpet for her feet,
The laughing brook, the blooming trees,
The flowers, and the humming bees.
Extend a welcome free from guile,
So warm, that April has to smile.

A chaplet on her brow is seen,
Of leaves, so velvety and green,
That ancient Roman festive ways
It brings to mind, these prosy days;
A virgin fair, indeed, is she,
A maid of beauty's first degree—
Uncertain!—well, think of her sex,
Her smiles and tears were made to vex.

And yet we love her none the less,
Because she brings us some distress,
For sunshine ever brings us pain,
Unless we have with it some rain;
And beauty, minus smiles and tears,
Is sure to waken doubts and fears,
For beauty that has naught of mood,
Is to the heart a tasteless food.

Come, let us with the birds and bees,
The grass and flowers, brooks and trees,
Extend the hand of welcome too,
To one, though changable, yet true,
To all the wiles of woman's ways,
With which she blesses springtime days,
And leads us on, with smiles and tears,
Through all life's dismal, happy years.

UPPERVILLE'S CAVALRY BATTLE

By COL. G. N. SAUSSY

THE 9th June, 1863, witnessed the greatest distinctively cavalry battle, on the Plains of Brandy, since the invention of firearms.

Pleasanton crossed the Rappahanock at Bernley's and Kelly's fords with three divisions of horse, consisting of twenty-four regiments, and backed these with two brigades of ten regiments of infantry, the whole force, exclusive of his artillery, amounted to 10,981 effective men.

Gen. "Jeb" Stuart, to combat Pleasanton, marshalled fifteen regiments, five of Hampton's, five of Jones', four of Rooney Lee's, and one of Fitz Lee's, totalling less than 7,000 men.

The artillery on either side about balanced each other. The total Federal loss, officially reported as 936 officers and men and a battery of three guns, together with six regimental and company standards. Stuart yielded up 523 officers and enlisted men as his toll of the battle's sequel.

This battle was the initial attempt of Pleasanton to tear away the cavalry curtain that screened the movements of Lee's infantry, then en route from Fredericksburg for the lower valley, in the initiation of the Gettysburg campaign.

Lee had mystified Hooker; and Pleasanton was attempting to unravel the mystery by tearing away the cavalry curtain that screened the movements of the infantry.

The movement of Ewell toward Winchester caused Stuart to advance Fitz Lee's, Robertson's and Rooney Lee's brigades northward to keep prying eyes well east of the foothills of the Blue Mountains.

Pleasanton, still intent on unravelling the mystery of Lee's infantry, again struck Stuart on the 17th June, when a severe engagement at Aldie ensued; Stuart still held the mask intact. Again, on the 19th, Pleasanton made a savage attempt to break through the screen, but Stuart prevented the desired end. On this date Baron Heros Von Borcke, a Prussian dragoon, who had run the blockade and secured a position on Stuart's staff, was severely wounded in the neck, and thenceforth disabled from field service.

Never a brighter Sabbath dawned over the hills, valleys and plateaus of the Old Dominion than that which ushered in Sunday, 21st June, 1863. It was one of those ideal June days that poets love, and could truly be classed as *perfect.*

Stuart had brought Hampton from the neigborhood of Brandy, and directed him down the Upperville and Middleburg pike.

Selecting an excellent position, he dismounted a part each of the Jeff Davis Legion and the second South Carolina cavalry. He placed the former on the right of and the latter on the left of the pike, well sheltered behind stone fences.

On the pike, between the two commands mentioned, Captain Hunt had unlimbered two light pieces. The two pieces were slightly in rear of the fences occupied by the dismounted squadrons.

The beauty of the day and the sanctity of the Sabbath, prompted the writer to believe the day would pass peacefully. He was on the left of the line held by the Jeff Davis Legion, and next to the pike that separated the legion from the Carolinians.

Impressed with the deceptive peaceful appearance, he said to a comrade returning to the horses behind the hill: "Look in my saddle-pocket, and you

will find a copy of Scott's 'Tales of the Crusaders.' Please bring it when you return."

Before he returned the enemy's mounted skirmishers broke cover beyond the branch at the foot of the hill, and deployed in plain view. No demonstration was made by them, and no shot fired from our side. The writer thought they had simply taken a position of observation. Soon, however, a section of artillery took position just in rear of the skirmish line, then promptly other sections, until six or eight guns had been placed in battery.

Then the business of the day opened, and soon the whole artillery force were sending compliments of case shots all about us, but giving most of its attention to Hart's two guns on the pike and the Carolinians on our left.

Under this rapid fire, the Federal infantry formed line of battle and advanced as far as the branch at the foot of the decline. The fire of the dismounted men prevented any nearer approach. Being largely superior in force, a strong flanking command moved beyond the Confederate right flank and threatened our rear. Fierce was the cannonade we endured. The fire was largely centered upon Hart's two guns, with a generous proportion upon the Carolinians left of the pike. A shot or shell struck Hart's English Blakely and disabled the gun. My recollection is, the shell or shot struck in the muzzle of the rifle and broke it. This was the first gun the horse artillery of Lee's army had lost. It is well, in passing, here to note, Hart's battery holds the *world's record* for service. In the four years of the war, this splendid battery was in action and under fire *one hundred and forty-two times.* A record not equalled by any field battery of any nation in any age or any war.

Flanked out of position and the loss of the gun, caused the Confederates to fall back west of Goose creek and take up a strong defensive position.

Stuart's orders to Hampton, Jones and Robertson were to avoid a general engagement if possible. Chambliss and Jones occupied the road from Union to Upperville, while Hampton and Robertson held the pike from Middleburg to Upperville.

Buford's division started out to flank Hampton on the left, but found Jones and Chambliss a distinct obstacle in his path and his plans.

Gregg's division, supported by Vincent's brigade of infantry, purposed to hold Hampton on the Middleburg-Upperville pike, while Buford secured Hampton's left flank and rear.

When Hampton withdrew from the position west of Goose creek, because each flank was threatened, he moved across a clear plateau east of Upperville—his brigade marching in column of regiments—moved with that precision dear to every soldier's eye. The Jeff Davis Legion being the rear command of the brigade.

Quoting from Major H. B. McClellan's narrative of the combat: "As the battle approached Upperville, the enemy pressed with new vigor. When within a mile of the town General Buford, believing from the appearance of the field that General Gregg was outnumbered, disengaged himself from Chambliss' front and moved rapidly to General Gregg's assistance. Having the shorter line to traverse, he cut off Jones and Chambliss from effecting a junction with Hampton and Robertson east of Upperville.

"While these events were occurring north of the Upperville pike, General Gregg was handsomely pushing his advance upon the town. Robertson's brigade held the road and the open fields north of it. As he retired through the town, one of his regiments was thrown into some confusion, which was, however, instantly relieved by the splendid conduct of Hampton's brigade on the right.

"As the enemy followed Robertson,

Hampton charged their flank with the Jeff Davis Legion."

Now let us turn on some light from the report of General Hampton: "We repulsed the enemy, who threw a fresh regiment on the right flank of the Legion (Jeff Davis). I called up the right wing of the first North Carolina cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, and in turn charged. Another fresh regiment charged the North Carolinians, when colonel Baker, with the remaining five companies, struck them in flank, Baker was in turn charged by a fresh regiment. I then put in the Cobb Legion and broke the attacking party. The Cobb Legion was again attacked, and again with the Jeff Davis Legion I turned the flank; and the series of charges went on until all my regiments named (Jeff Davis Legion, first North Carolina and Cobb Legion) had charged three times, and I had gained ground to the right and front more than half a mile."

Just here I desire to make a correction of General Hampton's report: The Jeff Davis Legion being the rear command of the brigade, when the column was reversed they were facing the enemy and made the first charge, and instead of being sent or put in *three* times, the Legion made *five* onslaughts upon the enemy; in each charge meeting and repulsing a fresh regiment.

Continuing his narrative, Major McClellan writes: "The success was mainly due to the personal influence which, both during and since the war, has marked Hampton as a leader of men. When the Jeff Davis Legion was counter-charged, its position seemed perilous. Hampton saw the danger, and turned to Baker's regiment (first North Carolina). Drawing his sabre and raising himself to his full height, he cried, 'First North Carolina, follow me!' and those North Carolinians could as little resist that appeal as iron can fail to obey the magnet."

Forming the second South Carolina in rear of the three regiments which had so splendidly repulsed both Gregg and Buford, Hampton retired his command, without further molestation, at a walk.

The action around Upperville bristled with tense excitement. In one of the five charges made by the Jeff Davis Legion, two comrades of the writer, while in full tilt, came in contact each with an antagonist, and in each instance, with sabre at the carte point, the impetus of the men in swift charge drove their sabres *to the hilt* into and through his opponent, and as their steeds flashed past each other, the sabres being bound to the wrists with sword knots, each of these troopers was *hurled out of his saddle* upon the field. But each of them had slain his antagonist, yet each was more or less hurt by the wrench and by being hurled from his saddle to the ground. Another comrade, a splendid soldier and a fine *sabreur*, was carried by his excited mount through one of the enemy's regiments, before he could secure control of the horse. His position was perilous. Cut off from his comrades, death or capture seemed the alternative. He had to think hard and quick. Detecting a gap in the line, he made for it as his only and hardly possible gateway back to his command. As he drew near his presence was detected and there went up a cry, 'There's a d—— rebel, kill him! Cut him down!'

But "Jobby" held his nerve and dashed for the opening. A blue trooper attempted to interpose by turning his horse so as to close the gap. "Jobby" gave his splendid mount the spur and struck the Federal horse squarely on the shoulder and hurled horse and rider rolling upon the field.

Another blue trooper made a vicous "left-cut" at "Jobby's" head, but being an adept swordsman, threw up his "guard" and caught and parried the Federal cut. Then, quickly recovering his sabre, made a clean "right cut" and

caught his antagonist across the brow and rolled him with a cracked skull upon the field. In regaining his command his horse caught a bullet in his ham, but it did not disable him.

Besides those killed and wounded with sabre and pistol, Hampton brought out of this melee eighty prisoners.

In the early part of the day's action the writer had borrowed a carbine from a trooper in another company. While fighting dismounted his spurs embarrassed his movements, so he removed them from his heels and put them on the cartridge-box belt. When relieved from the dismounted part of the battle, he returned the gun and equipments to the trooper from whom he had borrowed them, forgetting his spurs. In the mounted engagements, he felt the need of the spurs to encourage his mount.

Later, when the captured Yankees were being convoyed to the rear, he approached one unfortunate who had tasted Confederate steel and seemed to be in considerable discomfort.

Requesting the "*loan*" of his spurs, his guard responded, "Here, this is *my* Yankee. You don't touch those spurs!" Next day, while viewing the crowd which had been corralled in the melee the day before, he approached a Yankee officer and in an undertone requested the spurs he had on his heels.

He replied, "I promised them to Lieutenant G——, of the sixth Virginia, if he consents to the transfer I'll turn them over to you." Not wishing to again infringe a "*proprietary*" right, he passed on and addressed himself to another prisoner. "Let me have those spurs: you are going where they will be useless to you." "All right, sir," he replied, and suiting the action to the word quickly unbuckled them and handed them over, "and Richard was himself again!"

There were more gory sabres on exhibition that afternoon in Hampton's brigade than the writer had seen before. Here was given an exhibition of the Southern horseman that easily demonstrated his superiority over the same arm of the service in the Federal army.

The handsome manner in which Hampton had handled Gregg and Buford, driving these two divisions back, gaining full half a mile of ground that had been in their possession, and compelling them to relinquish further attack, proves the claim made. Teddy the Terrible wrote, "The world has never seen better soldiers than those that followed Lee." The writer will paraphrase that sentence into "The world has never seen better troopers than the South gave to the Confedrate army."

The Southern ante-bellum boy was a born horseman. By the time he had mastered the old blue-backed "speller" he was a fearless horseman and an expert marksman. Small wonder, therefore, he was quickly transformed into the best trooper the world ever saw.

I failed to mention in the proper place another instance of individual heroism in the battle of Upperville. The color sergeant of the Jeff Davis Legion was a jolly, good-natured and red-headed soldier named Carroll. Before the first mounted charge one of his color-escort borrowed Carroll's sabre, and the other color-guard borrowed his pistol. So Carroll went into the battle armed only with his flag and the staff upon which it was mounted.

In one of the five charges made by the Legion, Carroll singled out as his personal antagonist the Federal standard-bearer, and making direct for him overtook him in his rapid retreat.

Making an impromtu lance of his flagstaff, he gave his foeman a vigorous punch under his arm with the metal point of his staff and demanded surrender.

The blue trooper quickly succumbed, and Carroll brought his prisoner out of the charge, including in the capture

the man, his mount, his colors, and his arms—for he had both sabre and pistol.

Carroll deemed the feat such as to give him a proprietary right to the captured colors, and intended to retain the flag "for keeps," when one of General Stuart's staff officers required him to take the flag to headquarters and deliver it up to the major-general (Stuart) commanding.

Under the circumstances, Carroll's comrades believed he should have been allowed the trophy, but the general thought otherwise.

To Her

Frank E. Anderson

Upon my mem'ry's wall, her silhouette
Is hanging yet,
Where love's trembling living sunbeams fall,
Where last regret
With tender hands will shroud that face, when death
This sad heart stills and stays this sighing breath.

O lost, yet dear! I see her face again—
Its forced disdain,
The startled eyes, alive with hopes and fears,
Its proud lip's pain—
The clear white cheek, through which the blush-rose peers—
All faint and sweet, as tho' 'twere wet with tears.

At peace they seemed, those pallid temples where
The clust'ring hair
As soft as dusky piled-up shadows dreamed;
Yet throbbing care
Was pulsing there and tho' the gray eyes gleamed
'Twas not with smiles—with sparkling tears they teemed.

Ah! priceless pearl—While all her nature grieved,
'Twas not believed,
As gathered gallants giddy round the girl,
The world deceived
Proclaimed her heartless—called her flirt, coquette . . .
Tho' SHE is dead, that lie is living yet.

Oh, anguish vast! She never was my wife.
My barren life,
Which had borne flower and fruit, if with her past,
With red leaves rife
Feels dreamy death, with soothing kisses, fast
Its longing lulling to sweet sleep at last.

But when I wake—when Spring shall death succeed,
O'er vernal mead
Its earliest breath her footsteps, light with glee,
To me will lead—
Tho' sundered here, together there I see
Our souls together—Heav'n enough 'twill be.

WHERE IS GORDON NYE?

Illustrations by Gordon Nye

WHEN I was editing the New York "*Watson's*", (and before my rustic and untutored intelligence had suspected that old Colonel W. D'Alton Mann was going to trim me in the most orthodox High Feenawnce fashion,) they gave me permission to select an artist for the publication.

Several applicants beamed in on the situation, but my fancy was taken by some drawings submitted by a boy who was at work in a Pennsylvania mechanical establishment.

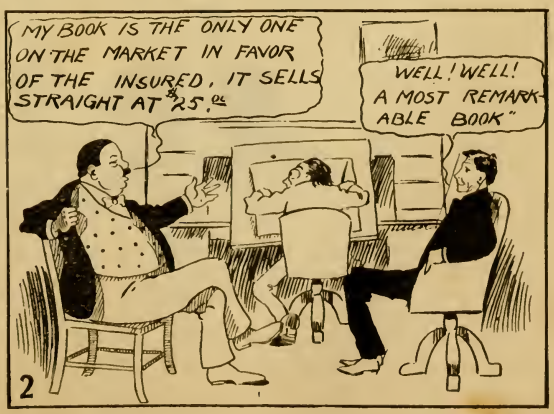
So it came to pass that Gordon Nye began to illustrate my editorial war-whoops.

Did it well, too, and justified my guess that he was an Adullamite, same as myself. He had been at work in the New York office some time, before I blew up there from down South and got a look at him.

They told me that he had undergone quite a rapid civilization before my arrival—which is doubtless true; but when I first laid eyes on him, he still wore a look of general wildness, suggestive of Walt Whitman poetry, or undiscovered murder.

All of us liked Nye, and recognized his genius. His cartoons began to attract attention and were copied in other magazines.

One day, when I happened to be in the "chief's" office, (in which Nye had his desk, for I wasn't there but a couple of days each month,) a man dropped in—one of these fat, confident, communicative, tell-you-all-about-it fellows—and he



volleyed and volumned at such a prodigious rate, that I almost got tired. I noticed that Nye rose, looked at the flood-gate a moment, and then departed.

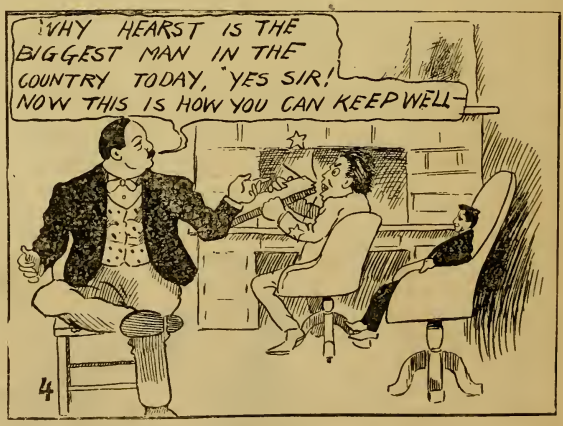
The human word-mill was a person of great staying power; and he was still holding me with his glittering eye, when the office boy came in and handed me a sheet of Bristol board. On this, Nye had drawn a cartoon of the burning deck from whence he alone had fled. It may amuse you; and I am going to throw away some untainted pennies, having the picture put before you.

When The Jeffs were started, Nye came down to Georgia, and lived with me a year. During those trying months, I was losing $250 *a week* on the pets. But I was accustomed to rough sledding, and never once thought of a halt.

The Hearst papers then made Nye an offer, and he returned to New York. But the atmosphere wasn't congenial, and the artist soon threw up the job. Later he drifted to Knoxville, to work for a daily paper.

One day he expressed to the Boss an opinion which wasn't complimentary to the editorial conduct of the paper. Artists who illustrate daily papers can rarely indulge in the luxury of independent thought. Nye was as good as invited to take himself and his opinions elsewhere.

Upon which he got out, and began to solicit stock subscriptions *for a new daily paper.* This was a difficult task; but the plucky youngster has succeeded. He writes me that the presses, etc., are on the way to Knoxville, and that the first copy of his

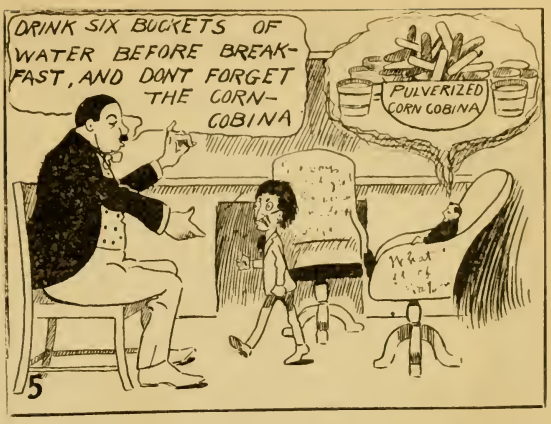


daily will soon be out.

During the seven months that he worked on the stock subscriptions, there came on a big fight for the con-

trol of the city. Nye's former Boss was for the Old Gang, and so, of course, was his paper: but Nye issued a campaign sheet, in which Mr. Boss was cartooned, until all Knoxville was laughing at him; *and the Old Gang was completely whipped.*

As soon as I get a copy of Nye's daily, will give it conspicuous notice, and will help it on, as much as possible.

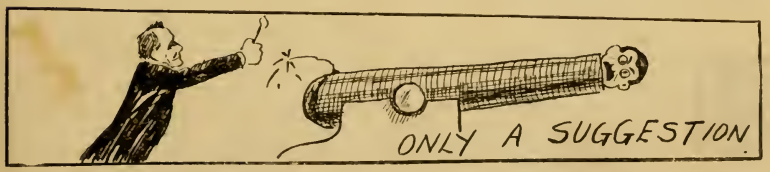


He is one of my scholars, and his paper will be of the right kind.

Since the resignation of Nye from THE JEFFS, I have had several letters, in which the question was asked, "What's become of Nye?"

Hence the head-line of this article.

T. E. W.



THE DARK CORNER

By ZACH McGHEE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—The Dark Corner is the story of the romance of James Thompson, usually known as "Jim", and beautiful Aileen Hall, both teachers in Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute. The story opens at the Thompson country home, when Jim is ten years old, and pretty little Amy Cannon, who has been living with Jim's family, is taken away by her father. He grieves for his little playmate, and always remembers her brown curly hair, big blue eyes and the scar on her forehead his mother said would never heal. Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, President of the H. C. M. I., starts, prior to the opening of the school, on one of his frequent trips to the section of his country known as the Dark Corner. He spends the night at "Ole Man Bill Jordan's" and persuades the old man to send his grand-daughter Amanda to Hollisville Institute. When the news spreads that "Mandy" is going off to school, only one person in the community views the enterprise with downright displeasure. This is Tom Moore, a good-natured, red-headed youth about eighteen, who in his fancy has already settled "Mandy's" future. Nevertheless on the appointed day Mr. Jordan hitches up the old gray mule to the "waggin" and they are off to Hollisville, Amanda is welcomed by the teachers and soon falls into the routine of the school. At one of the oft-recurring entertainments at the H. C. M. I. Amanda is to recite a poem, dressed in the coarse clothes she wore on her arrival; then three weeks later she is to wear the school uniform and recite the same poem, to show the vast improvement she has made. Jim announces the numbers on the program, and looking at the timid, frightened girl, suddenly something comes to him—the faintest, dimmest light from the long-ago—a resemblance to the playmate of his childhood, Amy Cannon. Her big, appealing blue eyes, which always remind him strangely, too, of Aileen, seem to beg him to save her the humiliation they are about to heap upon her. He determines to do it, and sends her to her room to copy a program. As she passes out he remembers to look for the scar; he does not see it. This successful effort to thwart his purpose arouses the indignation of Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, and to punish Amanda and teach Professor Thompson who is running that school, he orders the girl to make one hundred copies of the program she had copied once for Jim. Aileen endeavors to interest Amanda in her personal appearance and offers to fix Amanda's hair more becomingly. Despite her attempts the mountain girl seems, to Aileen, to be more perversely awkward. One of the pupils tells him that Amanda had once lived at Wilson with a family named Thompson. Aileen resents Jim thanking her for her interest in Amanda, and Jim tries to tell Aileen of his love. Despite Aileen's efforts to put a refining touch to Amanda's speech and manners, the girl remains singularly awkward and insolent. Her new dress changes her appearance so that Jim readily identifies her as the Amy Cannon of his childhood, but Amanda's speech shatters the idol. The night of the Christmas entertainment draws near, which will mean the end of the first half of the school term. Jim does not intend to return to the H. C. M. I. and sends a note to Aileen, telling her of his love for her and asking she wear a rose over her heart if she looks kindly on him as a lover. He also asks her to wait so that he may escort her home after the entertainment. She wears the rose but in the center of her bosom and leaves the hall with two of the teachers before Jim can get to her. He follows, and reaches her at the gate of her home as she is about to enter—and the rose is pinned directly over her heart. The usual scenes of the breaking up of a school are enacted. Thompson has little opportunity to talk with Aileen until they are on their way in the train, to her home. Amanda has rebuffed all Aileen's friendly advances, Aileen speaks of this and is piqued at Jim's answer—namely, that Amanda had instinctively felt that Aileen did not like her. Jim enjoys a pleasant visit with Aileen's foster mother, who is a woman of wealth, refinement and culture. He returns to the H. C. M. I. to gather his belongings, and finds Amanda there alone. Her grandfather has not come for her, and Jim suspects that Professor Tilson has not informed the old man of the close of school, as he will be able to claim board money for Amanda's overstay. Jim hires a rig, to take her home, but as Amanda is not familiar with the road, they are lost and a heavy storm adds to their troubles. They bog in a swamp. Finally a small house is found and here the two spend the night. The next morning they start on their way, and meet an old sweetheart of Amanda's. He looks with despair on Amanda in her new clothes and regards Jim as a "town boy" worthy only of contempt. The two finally reach the home of Amanda's grandfather, and the old man scarcely recognizes his granddaughter. In celebration of her safe return the old man builds a monstrous fire and announces he will kill hogs on the morrow.

Chapter XIX.

THAT night by the fire-light in the "settin' room," after the others had gone to bed, Jim wrote to Aileen and to his mother, telling them where he was, and why. The "settin' room" had been assigned to him for a bedroom. The whole family dressed in there the next morning, for no other room in the house, except the kitchen, had a fire-place in it. That, though, fortunately, was before he waked up, for he slept soundly in the thick, smothering feather-bed.

After breakfast, he and Mr. Jordan decided to hitch up and drive to the post-office. Jim wanted to mail his letters and see more of the country and its people. We have seen some of these before, on the occasion of our trip with the distinguished president of the H. C. M. I. It is the same now as then, with the exception of the slight change in the season; but the respective impressions made on the two men differed widely, owing to the difference of viewpoint.

As Mr. Jordan and his vistor emerged from the Washmore Swamp, they came in sight of a log house on the edge of a little piece of pine woods. A small stream of smoke curled from the top of a mud-daubed log chimney; and a wooden shutter, of unplaned pine board, stood ajar to admit the light.

"Who lives there?" asked Jim.

"Whar?—Thar?" asked his companion, pointing to the cabin.

Jim nooded his head.

"That air's the schoolhouse," said Mr. Jordan.

Jim was very much interested, and wanted to get out and go in. Mr. Jordan was chairman of the school board; but he had not been inside the schoolhouse since he helped to build it. He knew the teacher, though, who, according to custom, had spent the first week of "boarding around" at his house.

A low murmur of voices greeted their ears as they approached the door and knocked, but there was little evidence of surplus energy usual in a school room. A pale-faced, lank boy of about twelve years old timidly opened the door, and the two visitors entered.

Seated in rows on crude, backless benches set irregularly in different parts of the room, were some fifteen or twenty sallow-faced, dull-eyed, lifeless-looking children, ranging in age from six to sixteen. The benches were all of the same height, and made to seat the larger children, so that the smaller ones sat with their little scrawny legs, all clothed in dirty white stockings, suspended in air. The boys were clothed in suits of coarse, home-made jeans, the breeches of most of them patched at various points along the anatomy fore and aft. The girls each wore the usual coarse home-spun one-piece dress; now and then there was a crude attempt at adornment with a bit of faded ribbon at the neck or a fancy-colored comb in the crudely dressed hair. Each child had a dog-eared book of some kind, or a greasy slate; not engaged with it in any way, as a general thing, just holding it in his hands or lap. Some few of them were idly making marks on their slates, others gnawing the corners of their already much-gnawed books, while still others were tearing up bits of paper and throwing them on the already much-littered floor. It was winter, so that there were no flies for them to catch. There was a listless, lifeless, stupid air about everything and everybody. The children all looked up blankly at the newcomers, and some of their languor left them, the least bit of curiosity coming into their faces as they saw the strange man with a white shirt and a collar, and a queer kind of stiff, black hat.

Across the room, sitting near the stove with his feet cocked up, on a level with his eyes, against one of the logs of the wall, his chin resting against his shirt's soiled bosom, was a rather large and puffy sort of man, about thirty years old. He had a low forehead, small, black eyes beneath heavy black eyebrows, a head of shaggy black hair, and his clean-shaven face had not been shaved clean in about a month. He was the teacher.

"Perfesser!" called the boy, who had opened the door.

No answer.

"Uh-h Perfesser!" repeated the boy a little louder. Four or five boys and girls joined in a chorus of "Perfesser! Perfesser Brown! Uh-h Perfesser," each time getting a little louder.

"Uh! hey!" remarked the gentleman addressed, looking around and lifting a dirty fist to his eyes, but without otherwise moving.

"I'm er liar ef'n he ain't sleep," observed Mr. Jordan to Jim.

"Uh! eh! what's that? Who says I'm asleep?"

Now, his fist having pried open his eyes, he looked up again, but not far enough around to see the visitors.

"Peered ter me you wuz sleep," said Mr. Jordan.

"No, sir; no, sir," exclaimed the teacher, springing suddenly to his feet, "quite an inaccuracy, sir, quite an inaccuracy. Good-morning, Mr. Jordan."

Looking a little further around the room he saw Jim. Then he raised himself to his full height, pulled down his vest over the portly part of his figure, spit a big wad of tobacco on the floor, and with great dignity and courtesy advanced to greet his visitors.

"My name is Brown, sir," he said, holding out his hand to Jim, "Professor Bucephalus Brown. Quite felicitous, sir. What mought be the honor of your name?"

Jim found it necessary to turn his head and cough before telling him the honor of his name.

"Thompson is my name. I am a teacher myself," said Jim, but made haste to correct himself by adding, "Or have been. Chancing to pass by, I came in to see something of your work here, if there is no objection."

"He's ben one er the perfessers in Perfesser Tilson's school at Hollisville. You's heerd er that, I reckin," put in Mr. Jordan by way of making a favorable impression for his guest on Professor Bucephalus Brown.

"Oh! ah! yes. My *Alam* Mater," observed the Professor with great dignity. "Quite felicitous, sir."

"Don't let us interrupt you," said Jim. "Go ahead with your work as usual. We will take seats here and observe."

"Yes, sir. Quite felicitous, sir."

Jim and Mr. Jordan took seats on one of the backless benches beside some of the children. The teacher stood looking puzzled for a moment, glancing around over the room. Suddenly an idea occurred to him.

"We are just in the midst of a recitation in —oh—the science of jog-ra-phy, sir," he said impressively. Then, turning to the school, he said with great majesty, "The class in the Science of Jography."

Three pale, sallow-faced, shy-looking girls,

one tall, lank boy, and one more chubby-looking little fellow with a less lifeless, if dirtier, face than the others, arose, one by one, and took their seats on a bench near the stove. Before beginning the lesson, the teacher turned again to his visitors and explained, "We teach the round or speroidal system of jography, sir. They was addicted to the flat system here, givin' instruction that the earth is flt, but as I can teach either system, I introduced the round or speroidal system with miraculous consequences, as you will comprehend."

Taking the book which one of the girls handed him, he opened it and proceeded to demonstrate some of the miraculous consequences. But he could not find the place where the lesson was, so that, after turning the pages of the book at haphazard for a minute or more, he asked with the same dignity and impressiveness, "Ada, will you specify the lesson?"

Ada had not the most remote idea how to "specify" a lesson, but as he walked up to her and held out the book she turned to the page and put her finger upon a list of questions at the bottom.

"Where is Timbuctoo?" he asked, this being the first question in the list.

No one answered. He looked down at the question again, and repeated, "Where is Timbuctoo?" Then reading the answer printed opposite the question, he began searching the map on the opposite page of the book, till finally his finger stopped upon a point. A broad smile of satisfaction at his achievement came over his moon-shaped face. "That is to say," he observed, beginning to elaborate and clarify his question. "What is the locality in which Timbuctoo is situated?"

Still nobody answered.

"Hamilton," the teacher said, "permit me to expatiate. You observe my finger in this state of perpendicularity. It rests upon Timbuctoo. Now, Hamilton, I perceive that you comprehend that point. Wherefore, see if you can answer. Is Timbuctoo in Africa?"

"Yas'r," said Hamilton, without any change of expression.

"Correct, sir; correct exactly."

Professor Bucephalus Brown looked around to fasten the favorable impression such an exhibition of learning must make upon his visitors, smiling at them in acknowledgment of anticipated congratulations. His eye fell again upon the book and he began searching with the point of his finger for the next question. But suddenly it occurred to him—he could not find the next question—that he might take another way to demonstrate some of the miraculous consequences of his spheroidal system.

"Hattie, will you tell us, Is Africa on the top side, that is, on the superior side of the earth's surface, or is it underneath?"

No answer.

Still no answer.

"'Tain't in the joggerfy," suddenly observed the chubby-faced boy, whose name was Bob.

The teacher frowned.

"Bob," he said severely, "how often have I admonished you for saying 'joggerfy'? You should say *jog-ra-phy.*'" Then after clearing his throat, he stepped back a pace, straightened himself up and looked majestically over the room.

"Children, always speak with perspicuity," he said in a loud, commanding voice with great dignity.

After delivering himself of this unquestionably wise injunction, and pausing a moment to see that it was duly noted, he turned again to his class.

"You comprehend me, I presume. Is Africa diametrically opposite the extreme point on the corresponding hemisphere?"

"Yas'r," answered Hattie.

"Of a certainty," said the Professor, highly satisfied.

"Hit's on the tother side er the worl'," put in Bob, with the nearest approach to anything like life Jim had been able to observe in any of the pupils since he had come in. But Bob got a frown from his teacher and a lecture for his inelegant speech.

"You mean, Bob," he said, "that it is opposite to a corresponding point on the spheroid."

Again, with a show of mortification because of Bob's lack of conventionality, Professor Bucephalus Brown began searching the book for a question.

"Where is the desert of Sarah?"

While the children stared, he looked on the book for the printed answer, and on the map to find it for the purposes of again "expatiating" and illustrating with the perpendicularity of his finger. By the same process as before, he and the class arrived in due season at the conclusion that the Desert of "Sarah" was also in Africa at a point "diametrically opposite the extreme point on the corresponding hemisphere."

Jim, at this point, partly for mischief and partly with a sincere desire to see if the children knew anything, could not refrain from putting in a question.

"*What* is the Desert of Sarah?" He pronounced it "Sarah" just as the teacher had.

"Yes, sir, most felicitous, sir," observed Professor Bucephalus. Then turning to the class he asked, "Can you reply to that interrogation, Eunice?"

If Eunice could reply to the interrogation she would not, for she looked as blank as the average lottery ticket. All the children sat staring at Jim with their mouths open. The

tension was very great. It was the only time the teacher seemed to be losing the mastery of the situation.

"Hit's pooty dry thar, ain't it?"

Bob had come to the rescue.

"Yes, yes," said the Professor, so much relieved that he forgot to frown at Bob, "quite correct, indeed, Bob. A notable lack of moisture. Is there not?"

"Yas'r," said the class in chorus, bringing a look of triumph into the Professor's face and bearing. Turning to Jim, he observed, "Professor, they are well informed upon that subject, you see, sir."

Jim saw. But he had one more question.

"*Why* is it dry there?"

"Yes, yes, quite felicitous, Professor. Extremely appropriate. I am quite sure they can explain. Explain it to him, Sudie."

Sudie showed the same disinclination to explain that Eunice had. But she was well informed on the subject, as her teacher proceeded to show.

"Let us expatiate. Let us suppose for the sake of hypothesis that this room, that is, this enclosure here, is the Desert of Sarah. Then if it is raining outside, that is, to be more explicit, if moisture were precipitating on the exterior, some of it would enter through the aperture in the wall there. Would it not?" Nobody denied this, and he continued. "Then it is because moisture is not frequently precipitated in the Desert of Sarah that it is dry there. Is not that what you learned a few days ago, Sudie?"

"Yas'r."

Bob interjected here his contribution to the learned scientific discussion.

"Hit's dry thar 'cause hit don't never rain thar."

Jim looked approvingly at Bob and smiled. At the same time, Bob's teacher was frowning most severely.

Jim was so much interested that he wanted to stay longer; but, fearing his risibles might not be able to stand further strain, he felt forced to take his leave.

"Have you any suggestions as to the managing of the school?" asked Professor Bucephalus Brown, as his visitors were leaving.

"No, I believe not," said Jim. But as he got outside, he turned and added, "Oh, yes, there is one suggestion."

"Thank you, sir. Quite felicitous, sir."

"Give a long holiday for Christmas," said Jim.

Jim was still laughing in his sleeves, and amusement was playing about his features, when, after they had driven a little piece down the road, his companion turned to him.

"That air's er mazin smart man, Perfesser."

Jim looked at Mr. Jordan, smiling at the wit of the remark, when he saw a solemnity and seriousness in every line of the old man's face. Then every expression of amusement faded out of his face, and he stared at first in blank amazement, then in sorrowful reflection. He saw now only the pitiable side, the tragic side of it all. Here was the most prominent man in the whole community, he chairman of the school board, putting the very prince of fools to teach the children of the district, and calling him "ermazin smart man." And this, it dawned upon him, was doubtless the kind of man the school had always had for its teacher, the kind that Amanda had had ever since she had been going to school. And if perchance, or if it were possible, for a bigger fool to come along, he would be considered a smarter man than this Bucephalus Brown; and the poor deluded people would be better pleased to have their children go to him. It was monstrous, he saw, and right there he determined that if possible one man in that community should be undeceived as to one humbug. He therefore proceeded to tell Mr. Jordan what he thought of Brown.

Ole Man Bill Jordan was illiterate; he was worse than illiterate, he was ignorant; but he was credulous, and Jim had the advantage that the old man believed in him now as he had never believed in any one else. The consequence was that by the time they reached home that night, the chairman of the school board had made up his mind that, when the school closed at the end of the week, it would end the reign in that district of Professor Bucephalus Brown.

Chapter XX.

The Washmore Swamp post-office was at a country store, where the roads forked. In addition to opening the mail three times a week, closely inspecting the outside of all envelopes, reading the postal cards, the postmaster was charged with other duties and responsibilities. He sold meal and sugar, coffee, soda, snuff, tobacco, and a few other of the necessities of life. He likewise bought eggs, or rather took them in exchange, and sent them to town every two weeks, getting other goods. He traded oxen and mules, too; and once he had had a horse. Goats inhabited his broad acres, and pigs rooted among the fragrant jimson weeds of his front yard. He had even been known during several stated periods in his career to keep a milch cow. On the whole, he was accounted a prosperous man. He was good company, too, the postmaster was, being fat and hearty, and sometimes disposed to go back to the rear of the store with some of the men who dropped in. The object of these visits to the rear of the store was a matter of conjecture to stran-

gers and less favored acquaintances who chanced to be there, though some came back smacking their lips and wiping their mouths on their sleeves, and all of them acted as if they imagined they felt better. The post-office and store was a good place to stop for a rest. It was a place to learn all the news and to tell all the news, a place to talk politics, to spin yarns, to discuss the weather and the crops, and to complain of the hard times. It was a place to chew tobacco, to spit, and to "cuss."

Several men were congregated around the store when Jim and Ole Man Bill Jordan drove up. Two carts were in the middle of the road awaiting their drivers, and to one of these carts was tied a rusty but dignified old mule, with a crocus sack on his back, made sleek by contact with a man's "pants." The men were talking. They were intent upon their topic, too, this morning. There was only one.

About four miles from there, the night before, Jeff and Mose Long had killed Asa Homer, their brother-in-law. They were drunk, all three of them, at Asa's house, where they were having a cock fight. They fell out over the cock fight, and each having a pistol, there was a general shooting. Homer was killed. One of the Longs was hurt, but both of them made their escape. John Homer, Asa's brother, got two of his friends and they started that same night, armed with shotguns, swearing they would kill both of the Longs on sight.

Now, do not suppose, from anything heretofore said about the sleepiness of these people of the Dark Corner, or any little dullness of faculty you yourself may have noticed in them, that they did not, like all other people, stand ready to know and to tell some new thing. In a civilized community a murder takes precedence of all topics of conversation. In a community whose conversational resources are usually limited to the weather, the crops, a little politics every two years, and such brief remarks about every wedding as "I'll be darned," and "Wal, I never thought she'd er had him," —in such a community, a murder, as a topic of conversation, is a veritable oasis in a desert.

These men at the store were talking about the murder, and before nightfall,—means of communication being quickened for the occasion,—nearly every other man in all that country round, and nearly every woman, was doing the same thing.

The next day, Sunday, was therefore looked forward to with the keenest interest and pleasure. There was to be "church" at the Washmore Swamp Church, and there would be people there to talk with on on the all-absorbing topic. More than that, far more than that, fast following the first news of the killing, came the news—every man that passed along the road stopped at every man's house to tell what he knew—that Asa Homer was to be buried at the Washmore Swamp graveyard in the morning. It was indeed a day to look forward to, and there were anticipations to sweeten one's dreams.

Jim went to church with the Jordans. He and Mr. Jordan hitched up the horse to the buggy and the mule to the wagon, and, against the protest of all the Jordans, who wanted their visitor to have the best of everything, he allowed Mrs. Jordan and Amanda to go in the buggy, and himself rode in the wagon with Mr. Jordan.

When they arrived, the whole churchyard was full of men. Amanda and Mrs. Jordan went on inside. Jim stopped with Mr. Jordan outside among a group of men who were talking about the killing. All over the churchyard and out in the road were similar groups discussing the same topic. All were interested, and seemed to be enjoying themselves beyond measure. Each one, who could, delighted to recount some circumstance before or after the crime, which might have a bearing on it or might be in any way interesting in connection with it.

Near where Jim was standing, a man who had once shot Jeff Long's pistol was quite much of a hero, and the crowd gathered around him in admiring attitudes, until a greater than he appeared upon the scene in the person of a man who had passed Mose Long that very night on his way to Asa Homer's with a cock under his arm, and had stopped and talked with him about it. Jim watched them for a long time, listened only passively to their tales, but watched with keen interest the expressions on their faces. Then he wandered off and around the churchyard. Going up to the church door, he looked in upon rows of women on one side of the aisle and rows of empty benches on the other. There were no men inside at all save the preacher, who was sitting up in front behind a plain pine stand which they called the pulpit. The church was built of unplaned planks, unceiled inside, and the windows were only board shutters; there was no glass in them. A huge stove was in the middle of the aisle which ran between the rows of backless benches, and the floor had huge cracks in it. Yet condemn them not; the house of the Lord was fixed up better than their own homes, which is not true of every community.

The women were not talking, save only a few; they were just sitting there, patiently waiting. Some of them had their eyes closed, Jim thought, but he could not tell, for they all had on huge sunbonnets which covered their faces.

While standing there at the church door gaz-

ing in upon the scene and thinking of the strangeness and the weirdness of it, he heard, down the road, a most terrific screaming and wailing. He could not tell how many there were, but they were women, and shrieking at the tops of their voices, in most piteous distress; and, he thought, in appeal for help. Instantly, almost involuntarily, he started with a rush toward the road. Suddenly, observing Mr. Jordan sitting on a stump of a tree calmly looking in the direction of the screaming, he stopped and looked around. All the other men were in like manner looking with eager, expectant eyes, but without the least sign of excitement or alarm. He was puzzled, but his excitement was not abated.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Whut's the matter with whut?" asked Mr. Jordan calmly.

"Why, don't you hear that screaming? Had we not better go and help them?"

"Them's jes the women folks cryin' 'cause he's dead."

Mr. Jordan was puzzled to know why Jim did not know that.

The screaming grew louder, more piteous and heartrending, as the vehicles steadily approached. Presently a shackly wagon with wobbly wheels, drawn by a lean, half-fed mule, emerged from the bend in the road. This bore a plain pine coffin, without handles, stained brown with the oil of walnut hulls. Beside it in the same wagon, one on either side and leaning over it, were two women, the mother and the wife of the dead man, both wailing with the full strength of their lungs and crying out incoherent words of endearment and grief, wringing their worn and blood-drained hands in the agony of woe. In the lap of one of them, the younger, was a child of two or three years, who from fright and lack of understanding was crying, too, at the top of its childish voice. Behind the wagon were two or three ox-carts, filled with women and children and aged men, relatives of the deceased; and some were walking beside these. Slowly the mournful procession moved up into the churchyard and to an open grave underneath a pine tre in the corner of the yard furthest from the church. The hundred men or more stood by watching curiously and eagerly. The women's piteous wails kept up and seemed to grow louder and more heartrending as the bier neared the gaping grave.

They got out of the wagon, got out without the assistance of the men, and stood wailing still louder, getting in the way of the men, who lowered the coffin into the grave with ropes and filled it over with earth.

The hundreds of men stood by and gazed curiously. To them it was only a show, and the wailing of the women was a part of it. But with Jim, every shrill cry went to his impressionable heart, to which was imparted something of the woe; and the unimpressionableness of the other men made it deeper in him. The little child clinging to its frantic mother's skirts and crying at the top of its voice moved him especially. He went up to and gently took it by the hand. The little fellow continued to yell, but, as if in hopelessness and darkness, it yielded to Jim's tender sympathy. In a short time it became quiet. Jim had succeeded in interesting it in the nose and teeth and eyes of the old mule. This simple little act was the only thing that was odd or unusual to the spectators. They had seen all the other before.

When the grave was filled and a mound made, two straight boards were driven into the soft earth, one at the head and one not quite so tall at the foot. The women stopped screaming then and got back into the wagon. Jim gave the mother her child, and they drove quietly away.

Meantime, they were about to have "church" inside. Jim and Mr. Jordan went up to the door. There were no vacant seats. The empty benches on the side opposite where the women sat had been filled up with men. They, with a number of others, stood, therefore, in the door.

The reacher half read, half sang, two lines of a hymn and asked Brother Taylor to "histe de chune." Brother Taylor "histed de chune." He histed it about an octave higher than anybody could reach, but that deterred nobody; they lit in, screeched and yelled these two lines, stopped and looked up for more. He "lined out" two more lines, which were likewise devoured; and so on till the hymn was consumed, and everybody was happy and hoarse.

After this the minister prayed. He prayed loud and long and earnestly, but nobody understood what he was praying for; whatever it was, it was totally foreign to their comprehension; totally apart from anything touching their lives, either immediate or remote. Next he announced the text from First Peter, Third Chapter and Twentieth Verse: "Which sometime were disobedient, when once the long suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, eight souls, were saved by water."

For one hour and fifteen minutes, by Jim's watch, was vigorously and vociferously expounded there the doctrine of eternal salvation by water. The congregation sat patient and listless. Occasionally, though not often, a man or a woman would nod, but he was soon awake again. No one could sleep in any peace, the preacher hollered so. Very few gave the substance of the sermon any serious thought; they had heard it all their lives—that is, it had been preached in their presence

all their lives. There was nothing new in it now. There was nothing new that could be in it. Not being able to sleep for the hollering, they just sat there thinking about Asa Homer and the Longs.

As the people started out of the church, Mr. Jordan turned to Jim.

"I'm a liar," he said, "ef'n hit want a pow'ful sarmon, Perfesser."

"Powerful," said Jim, and hurriedly changed the subject to the weather. The preacher came out after the other men, leaving the women in the church. Jim had wondered when he first looked into the church, before the sermon, why the women were not interested in the killing, for they were silent, while every man on the whole premises was talking about it. He saw now. It was their inning. As soon as the benediction had been pronounced, they went together in groups like the pieces in a kaleidoscope; and the thin walls of the church resounded with the murmuring and chattering of every woman in the house talking at once, all talking about the horrible deed.

The preacher joined Jim and Mr. Jordan.

"What did you think of the sarmon?" he asked.

"We wuz jes er sayin'," answered Mr. Jordan, "as how hit wuz sholy pow'ful."

Jim broke in suddenly as if it were of the most urgent importance and asked if they thought it was going to rain. There was not the sign or semblance of a cloud to be seen anywhere in the heavens. His question had the desired effect, though, for the moment; the old man told the preacher about Jim and Amanda's experience of several nights before. When this was over, for fear they might get back to the subject of the sermon, Jim asked them if they thought the crops were in need of rain. It was past the middle of December, and there were no crops to need rain; but Jim was desperate. They considered a moment, and concluding that he was from town and did not know anything about crops, made no attempt to answer.

"That was the good Bible doctrine," began the preacher.

Jim was at his last row; only one thing could save him from the embarrassing question of what he thought of the sermon, and he must save himself.

"One bullet struck him in the jaw, didn't it?" he observed.

This he knew would be a success, and it was. Immediately the preacher and Mr. Jordan entered with enthusiasm into the subject which had already wearied Jim to the point of disgust. But it was inevitable.

It was when Jim got back to Mr. Jordan's that day that he expressed himself on that sermon; not to the Jordans, though; he wrote it in his journal.

"And that is what passes for spiritual ministration to a people in whose midst a heinous and revolting crime excites only curiosity, and gives opportunity for pleasurable gossip. By such tommyrot as that would he elevate a people born and reared in ignorance, sloth, and moral and intellectual torpidity and—— But no, I suppose he thinks he has nothing to do with enlightening them and elevating them. All that is the business of the grace of God—and water. His job is to get up in the pulpit and howl and rant about something the people do not understand and would not be of the slightest importance if they did understand. But it was a *powerful* sermon—oh, yes, powerful enough to be heard half a mile.

"Meanwhile, their poverty-stricken souls are languishing for lack of nourishment."

Whether after dinner Jim was in a better humor or a worse the reader must decide for himself. This is what he added in a postscript to the above entry:

"It would have been hard for him to preach on the subject of that murder, I suppose. But Heavens! why didn't he preach then, on, say biscuits? That's a long ways more intelligible a subject than the one he did preach on, and has lots more to do with Christian virtue.

"The great religious principle these people need to lay hold on is good digestion; and a few sermons on how to cook would put more religion, and better, into them than all the sermons on the method of baptism, predestination and election, justification by faith, the Apostolic succession, and so on, that were ever preached in the history of the world."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE CASE: DRED SCOTT DECISION: MULLIGAN LETTERS: FATHER OF THE CONSTITUTION: HAMILTON-BURR DUEL: THE CHOSEN PEOPLE.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What was the Dartmouth College case?

(2) What was the Dred Scott decision?

(3) What were the Mulligan letters? Did they figure in the Blaine and Butler controversy?

(4) Who wrote the Constituttion of the United States?

(5) What was the cause of the Hamilton and Burr tragedy? Where was the duel fought?

(6) Are the Jews a great race of people, capable of maintaining a government of their own if colonized and placed together, and dependent upon their own race for leadership?

Albany, Ga. INQUIRER.

ANSWERS.

(1) The Dartmouth College Case was one in which the Legislature of New Hampshire undertook to reorganize a school which had been established under an old royal charter. The Supreme Court of the United States held that the charter was a contract, and that the Legislature could not alter it. The decision was based upon that clause of the Constitution of the United States which forbids the State to pass any legislation which impairs the obligation of contracts.

In Lodge's "Life of Daniel Webster", a description is given of the crafty manner in which the New England Federalists conducted their campaign to win the case for the college. In the Supreme Court of the State of New Hampshire, the Commonwealth had been represented by very able lawyers, who thoroughly understood the case, and who won it. The State made the mistake of dropping her able lawyers and employing Mr. Holmes, a mere superficial declaimer, and William Wirt, the Attorney-General of the United States, who was so much overworked by the duties of his official position that he went into the argument of the Dartmouth College Case without due preparation. In spite of this, however, when the Court took a vote on the case, the majority was heavily against the college. John Marshall, whose partisan passions as a Federalist had been consummately played upon by Daniel Webster, got his colleagues to adjourn the consideration of the case to the next term of the Court, thus postponing it for a whole year. It was to be then reargued.

Webster, and the other friends of the College, realized the danger of having the questions at issue presented by a capable lawyer, (as they would have been at the next term of the Court, by William Pinkney, of Maryland,) and they commenced an under-ground railway movement to bring pressure upon the Judges during the vacation. Mr. Lodge describes in detail how this was done, and how, when the Court reconvened, Chief Justice Marshall pretended not to hear William Pinkney's statement when he rose to move that the case be taken up. Marshall announced that the Court *had arrived at a decision during the vacation,* —a most unprecedented thing for the Court to do.

The decision was not good law, and has never been so considered by our best lawyers. *No agreement can be called a contract which does not bind each party with equal force.* In other words, it must be bi-lateral, compelling each to perform a duty towards the other, else it is not a contract. It may be a license, permitting the recipient to go and do something by the consent of the giver of the license; but it can never be a contract until he who gives the license has as much right to compel a performance of duty under it as he who receives the license has the right to enjoin the giver of it from interfering with an exercise of the privileges therein granted.

Now, *a charter,* granted by a King, or a State, or by Congress,*does not compel those who receive it to do anything.* A State may license a man to build a railroad, but the State can not force him to build it. The government may license certain individuals to incorporate and run a bank; but they are not compelled to exercise the power granted. A charter may be granted to incorporate and conduct a school or college; but the State has no power to compel the persons who have obtained the charter to act under it. Consequently, a charter is lacking in the fundamental elements of a legal contract.

There is another reason why the decision in

the Dartmouth College case is not good law. It puts an artificial person upon a higher plane than is occupied by a natural person. We human beings are born into the world, and become, automatically, citizens of a certain State and county. *We must take our chances as to changes in laws;* we can not move to any State, or go abroad into any other country, *without being subject to whatever changes may be made in laws and usages.* Every year or so, natural citizens find their relations to the government altered; but they are under the necessity of submitting. Taxes may be raised, privileges curtailed, the conditions upon which one may live and conduct a private business, revolutionized by the ordinances of towns and cities, and by the statutes of States, or by acts of Congress. You see instances of that in almost every city, town and State. Today, it may be perfectly legal to sell seed cotton in the night time: tomorrow, it may be unlawful to do it. Two years ago, it was lawful to sell whiskey in Atlanta, Macon, and other cities in the State of Georgia: and it is now unlawful to do it; and those citizens who were engaged in what was then a legal business, have had to submit, and seek a living and a profit at something else.

Under the Dartmouth College decision, *a corporation is exempted from changes which the law-making power, in its wisdom, may see fit to make.* It does not have to yield to altered conditions, as natural citizens are compelled to do. The charter of a corporation, in the eyes of a lawyer of the old English school, *was nothing in the world but the act by which it came into existence.* The terms laid down in the charter were simply *the laws of its life for the time being, and until Parliament saw fit to change them.* Under the monstrous decision of John Marshall, in the Dartmouth College case, *this chartered license to live was elevated into an exemption against all the changes in the tides of time.*

That decision was the fountain-head from which has flown the monstrosities of Corporation Rule. Railroad despotism and exploitation; Standard Oil rapacity and power; Steel Trust monopoly and profits, would be things utterly impossible to build up and maintain were it not for the foundation placed beneath them by Chief Justice John Marshall,—an honest man, but the most passionate old partisan that ever got the chance to build up *an elaborate system of judge-made law that violates the spirit of our Constitution, and turns what was meant to be a republic into a soulless plutocracy.*

(2) The Dred Scott decision was made by Chief Justice Roger B. Tarney, of Maryland,—a man of unsullied integrity, and of the utmost judicial courage; a man who liberated his own slaves voluntarily, and who, during his whole life probably never wounded wilfully the feelings of a human being.

Briefly, the decision was to the effect that Dred Scott, a negro slave, the descendant of negroes who were slaves at the time the Constitution of 1787 was adopted, could not be freed by the Act of Congress setting up the Missouri Compromise line of 36 degrees 30 minutes. Dred Scott belonged to a native of Missouri: the gentleman went to Minnesota, where he lived for ten years, Dred Scott accompanying him. When he moved back to Missouri, taking Scott with him, *some fifteen years before the case came into the courts,* Scott contended that, *by residing in Minnesota, which was above the Missouri Compromise line, he had been automatically emancipated by the Act of Congress which declared that slavery should not exist in territory north of that line.*

The Court held that, inasmuch as Dred Scott, a slave, was the descendant of negroes who were slaves at the time the present government was organized, he was *not a citizen* of the United States within the meaning of the Constitution; and, therefore, could not bring suit *as a citizen,* in the Courts. No lawyer has ever contended that this decision was not impregnable; but such abolition partisans as William H. Seward took it up, made political capital out of it, grossly misrepresented Judge Tarney, misquoted his language, and infuriated the Northern people by contending that the Court had held that black men had no rights that white men were bound to respect.

(3) The Mulligan letters were selected portions of a correspondence extending over sixteen years between Mr. Blaine and Warren Fisher "a business relative" of Mr. Blaine. Mulligan had been a clerk of Blaine's brother-in-law, Jacob Stanwood, and afterwards of Fisher. He got hold of a number of letters which Blaine, while Speaker of the House, had written to Fisher. One of the letters contained the celebrated postscript, "Burn this letter."

Fisher and Mulligan were both summoned to Washington to testify before the Judiciary Committee, which had been ordered by the House to investigate Mr. Blaine's rumored relations with railroads while occupying the powerful position of Speaker of the House. When these two gentlemen arrived in Washington, Blaine sent to them to come to his house. Fisher went, but Mulligan didn't. Blaine then went to Mulligan, and, in the latter's room in the hotel, demanded the letters. At first, Mulligan refused to surrender them, but, eventually, Blaine got them. Mulligan said that Blaine solemnly promised to return them to him, but Blaine did not do so.

There was an immense sensation, and the tide was running heavily against Mr. Blaine because of the non-appearance of these letters,

when, in a very dramatic manner, he himself produced the letters, after having defied the House to compel him to do so, and he read them from the clerk's desk. So great was his skill as a debater, and the magnetism of his oratory, that, for the moment, he appeared to have won a brilliant triumph by his boldness in producing the correspondence. Next day, however, the inevitable second thought got in its work, and all unbiased people could see that several of the letters indicated that Mr. Blaine was engaged in very questionable transactions. Apparently, he was using his tremendous power as Speaker to get railroad securities without paying money for them.

I do not recall any Blaine-Butler controversy. There was a famous combat between Conkling and Blaine; and also a great debate between Ben Hill, of Georgia, and Mr. Blaine. The Mulligan letters had no connection with either controversy.

(4) The Constitution of the United States is a composite of the work of many minds acting together in convention. Mr. Madison, however, is called The Father of the Constitution, upon the idea that he, more than any other one man, influenced the Constitution makers.

(5) The apparent cause of the Hamilton and Burr tragedy was a letter in which General Hamilton had alluded to Colonel Burr in offensive terms. It has always been suspected, however, that there was some deeper cause that has never transpired. There have been those who surmised that the quarrel reached as far back as the love affair with Margaret Montcrief; others think that Burr was determined to be revenged upon Hamilton for the persistent political persecution with which Hamilton had pursued him.

The duel was fought at Weehawken, on the Hudson, a short distance from the City of New York.

(6) The Jews are a great race, with some indomitable qualities and race traits of marvelous persistency. There is no doubt whatever, in my mind, that if they were all thrown together under one government, they would be found eminently capable of self-government and self-maintenance.

THE PARTHENON MAN IN THE IRON MASK, AUTHOR OF "COMMON SENSE".

DEAR MR. WATSON:—Will you please answer the following questions through the Educational Department of your Magazine?

1st. What was the Parthenon?

2d. Who was the "Man in the Iron Mask?"

3d. Who was the author of the celebrated pamphlet, "Common Sense?"

4th. In your "Sketches from Roman History" you state that after Marius had returned to Rome and wiped out his enemies, he died in *seventeen* days after he was elected Consul. Myers says in his General History *thirteen*. Who is correct?

5th. Who is the present Prime Minister of England?

Mr. Watson, I am a poor boy, only sixteen years of age, but I wish to state that I am a *firm believer in Populism*. I am a lover of history. Through the kindness of my uncle, I have been reading your Story of France. It is *sure fine*. As soon as I can I aim to order your "Napoleon," "Bethany" and "Waterloo."

God grant that you may have a long life, for you are doing a *noble work* for the Common People and *Humanity*.

Your friend and ardent admirer,

Culberson, N. C. R. LEE KINCAID.

ANSWERS.

(1) The flower of Grecian architectural art, as applied to religious edifices. It was a temple. Among its treasures was the colossal statue of Juno, in ivory and gold.

(2) Here is the most satisfactory account of him that I ever read—taken from Mme. Campan's Memoirs:

"During the first few months of his reign, Louis XVI. had dwelt at La Muette, Marly, and Compiegne. When he was settled at Versailles, he busied himself with a general revision of his grandfather's papers. He had promised the Queen to communicate to her all that he might discover relative to the history of *the man with the iron mask;* he thought, after what he had heard on the subject, this iron mask had become so inexhaustible a source of conjecture, only in consequence of the interest which the pen of a celebrated writer had raised respecting the detention of a prisoner of State, who was merely a man of whimsical tastes and habits.

"I was with the Queen when the King, having finished his researches, informed her that he had not found anything among the secret papers, elucidating the existence of this prisoner; that he had conversed on the matter *with M. de Maurepas, whose age showed him a contemporary with the epoch during which the anecdote in question must have been known to the ministers; and that M. de Maurepas had assured him he was merely a prisoner of a very dangerous character, in consequence of his disposition for intrigue; and was a subject of the Duke of Mantua.* He was enticed to the frontier, arrested there, and kept prisoner, first at Pignerol, and afterwards in the Bastille. This transfer from one prison to the other, took place in consequence of the appointment of the governor of the former place, to the government of the latter. He was aware of the stratagems of his prisoner; and it was for fear the latter should profit by the inexperience of a new governor, that he was sent with the governor of Pignerol to the Bastille.

"Such was, in fact, the real truth about the man on whom people have been pleased to fix an iron mask. And thus was it related in writing, and published, by M. * * *, twenty years ago. *He had searched the depot of foreign affairs, and there he had found the truth;*

he laid it before the public; but the public, prepossessed in favour of a version which attracted them by the marvellous, would not acknowledge the authenticity of the true account. Every man relied upon the authority of Voltaire; and it is still believed that a natural, or a twin brother of Louis XIV. lived a number of years in prison, with a mask over his face. The whimisical story of this mask, perhaps had its origin in the old custom, among both men and women, in Italy, of wearing a velvet mask, when they exposed themselves to the sun. It is possible that the Italian captive may have sometimes shown himself upon the terrace of his prison, with his face thus covered. As to the silver plate which this celebrated prisoner is said to have thrown from his window, it is known that such a circumstance did happen; but it happened at Varzin. It was in the time of Cardinal Richelieu. This anecdote has been mixed up with the inventions respecting the Piedmontese prisoner."

(3) Thomas Paine—the man (patriot and statesmanly thinker!) whom the superficial Roosevelt alluded to, in one of his forgotten books, as "a filthy little atheist".

(4) "Seventeen days" is correct. See the most recent History of Rome, by the English scholar. Rose. (Page 203.)

(5) Hon. Herbert Asquith.

PAPER MONEY ISSUED DURING CIVIL WAR.

(1) How much paper money was issued and paid out during the Civil War?

(2) What amount of bonds were issued during the war?

(3) What amount of paper money called in after the war and bonds issued for it, and the paper money burnt up to 1872, when Secretary Boutwell made his report, saying: "The face value of money, destroyed since 1861, is $1,808,314,475.69?" I do not understand what Mr. Boutwell meant. O. P. Moore.

Hawley, Clay County, Minn.

ANSWERS.

On February 8, 1861, Congress authorized a loan not to exceed $25,000,000. On March 2d, following, $10,000,000 more was authorized. On August 5th, the demand notes act was passed, and it was stipulated that these should be received in payment of public taxes. Early in 1862, the issuance of full legal tender notes to carry on the war was permitted by an Act of Congress. At this time, the bankers had all appeared on the scene, in person or by lobbies, and were fighting paper money desperately. The necessities of the Treasury were so urgent, that they consented for Congress to pass an Act authorizing an issue of $10,000,000 more of the full legal tender. This was the 12th of February, 1862. The aggregate of full legal tender notes, actual money, and equal to coin, thus was carried up to $60,000,000.

On December 6, 1861, the banks suspended specie payments. Referring to this matter, Thad Stevens said, "The last $50,000,000 of the loans which had been taken by the banks at the discount of $5,500,000, payable in coin, was no longer paid in anything but the currency of the suspended banks."

The Act of February 14, 1862, contained the exception clause and authorized the takers of $500,000,000 of bonds to pay for them in coin or United States notes. One of the amendments to the bill, increased the amount of the notes to $150,000,000, but provided that the $50,000,000 dollars of full legal tender demand notes should be required in exchange for new notes, *and destroyed.* This left outstanding $10,000,000 of full legal tender notes, which would pay import duties and interest on the public debt. The purpose was to put a premium on gold, there being very little silver at that time in circulation.

The Act of July 11, 1862, provided for $150,000,000 of notes receivable for everything except import duties and interest on the public debt. The Act of March 3, 1863, authorized the loan of $900,000,000 payable in coin. This Act, however, was repealed in June, 1864, when only $75,000,000 had been issued. The same Act authorized $400,000,000 in treasury notes, bearing six per cent. interest, and to run one, two and three years.

On March 3, 1864, a loan of $200,000,000 was authorized, payable in coin. The Act of June 3, 1864, provided for bonds to the amount of $400,000,000, payable in lawful money. The same Act authorized the Secretary to sell to Europe any of the earlier issues of bonds that had not been sold in the United States, and $125,561,300 of this issue was sold.

On January 28, 1865, treasury notes not exceeding $400,000,000 were authorized. On March 3d, following, the Secretary was empowered to borrow $600,000,000. Part of this was issued in bonds, and part in treasury notes.

In July, 1867, there were further issues of $379,616,050, and from that date to July 18, 1868, there were bonds issued to the amount of $42,539,350. Thus the total of interest-bearing obligations was carried up to $948,481,600 *under Congressional authority to incur an indebtedness of only* $600,000,000.

In 1866, the government issued bonds to the amount of $968,467,000, and soon *retired that amount of greenbacks,* and other issues of government money which was in circulation among the people, *and destroyed them.* In Secretary McCulloch's report in 1866, page 164, he says that *he destroyed, during that year, more than* $221,000,000 *of dollars in greenbacks.* In Secretary Boutwell's report in 1875, pages 292-5, the tables show that from 1865 to 1872, *the total amount of paper money destroyed was* $1,808,214,475.69. Under the law of April 12,

1865, the Secretary of the Treasury called in and burned $1,200,000,000 of paper money; *issuing, instead of it, interest bearing bonds.*

From 1862 to 1868, the United States issued and sold interest bearing bonds amounting to $2,049,975,700. This was done at a discount of more than $678,000,000. *By way of interest and premiums on bonds not due, the government paid out more than* $4,000,000 *to get the use of* $1,371,000,000.

The public debt statement for June 30, 1866, showed a total of obligations, notes and bonds, amounting to $2,783,425,878.21.

PAPACY—INFIDELITY.

(1) Is Ireland ruled more or less, as conditions permit, directly or indirectly, by the papacy, and if so, what do you think of progress and prospects under home rule?

(2) Do you think the one extreme of the clergy and government officials in Europe has precipitated the other extremes of anarchy and infidelity, by confusing men and getting them disgusted with life,—thus saying there is nothing in life to come, and in law and order?

(3) Are we right in thinking infidelity and anarchy of the same nature and often of the same cause?

(4) Have they been so radical and widespread in this country? C. B. Kenton.

Tulare, South Dakota.

(1) Ireland is not so much ruled by the Papa, as she is held down and plundered by the local priesthood.

(2) Undoubtedly.

(3) No. One may be an infidel, and yet be not only a believer in law and order, but a builder of States.

(4) No. But immigration is making a rapid change for the worse.

BIBLE MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

By MRS. C. E. KERR, Decatur, Ga.

FEELING that an invitation to edit a Department of Bible Missions in this Magazine is an open door set before us, through which we may reach and help many who are humbly striving to do the Master's will in this very important work, we enter the door with hopeful heart and an earnest desire to help God's people to get "back to the Book" and walk in "the old paths wherein is the good way."

There seems to have gotten out a great misconception of the meaning of real mission work as based upon the Savior's commission in Matthew 28: 19, 20 and Mark 16: 15,16. On this misconception we believe hinges all the differences of Christian people regarding true mission work.

Elder T. L. Blalock, a man who has preached and practiced Bible missions for sixteen years, has written an article: "Our Duty to the Heathen," which is true Bible mission work; the giving of the pure Gospel of salvation through believing in Christ. Mark 16:15, 16.

"But," says one objector, "are we not told in the great commission in Matthew 28: 19, 20, to 'teach all nations,' and is that not a commission for the opening of schools among the heathen?"

We are told to "teach," but the teaching is limited to "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." This excludes the teaching of literary schools *as mission work* to whom we are sent with the gospel. But the teaching of the "all things whatsoever I have commanded you" includes "The poor ye have with you always," and "Bear ye one another's burdens." So that we find is a legitimate part of mission work to teach the converts from heathenism (or the unbelievers of our own land) to care for the needs of their own poor. Experience has shown that when the light of Christianity shines into their hearts, and they come to love their neighbors as themselves, they will provide Christian hospitals and schools for themselves, and care for their own sick and poor.

Thus, it will be seen, these things should be allowed to develop as the legitimate fruits of the seed we are sowing in these lands. To pin the fruits of Christianity in other lands on to the tender first blades that appear among the heathen converts is to reverse heaven's order and defeat the final full development of these fruits.

In a broad sense, any one who has a mission to perform is a missionary, and his work mission work, but the great commission of our Savior gave us the one thing to do for the unconverted at home and abroad, and that one thing is the

telling of the gospel story. When they "believe" and are saved we are to teach them to observe all that He has commanded, and they are to take up the same work of giving the blessed story to others, and practice all the Christian graces and benevolences which He has commanded.

We propose in future issues to take all who want to know "what saith the word" into a study on the subject. The undue breadth and scope of "mission work" of the present day has so perverted the meaning of the term that comparatively few are able to give a clearer definition of the term than the little boy who said, when asked "What is mission work?" "Mission work is giving pennies to poor little heathen girls and boys."

The Gospel Missioners (?), the Hardshells, and Tom Watson appear to have combined in a sort of malevolent opposition to Foreign Missions. The cause of Foreign Missions is not likely to suffer from the combination, we are glad to say; about the only effect will be to make it manifest where certain alleged missionary reformers really stand. This much, at least, will be gained, and a decided gain it will be.—*Baptist Builder.*

In reply to the above clipping we would say, speaking for Gospel Missioners, we have never opposed, but heartily, persistently and unflinchingly supported Foreign Missions.

The Builder is right in one thing, namely, "Foreign Missions is not likely to suffer from the combination." No cause ever suffers at the hands of its true- earnest defenders and ardent supporters.

Again the *Builder* rightly says it will be "a decided gain" to find "where they really stand." We stand on God's eternal truth and command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every createure. He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." Mark 16: 15,16. We believe that Jesus spoke the truth when He said, "And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me." So we go preaching the gospel, lifting up Jesus, and find that He does "draw" even the Chinese heathen, steeped in sin and the fumes of opium, from his degradation and sin-cursed state into the marvelous light and liberty of redemption through the blood of Jesus. Here is a case exactly to this point taken from a letter from Miss Blanche Rose Walker, of Tai-Au-Fu, China:

"We returned home from our last village trip just before Christmas. Went to the village and home of our Chinese preacher. We thank the Lord for this man, for he seems to allow the Holy Spirit so much control in his heart. He seems also to be truly called of God, for the "woe is me if I preach not" continually rests upon him.

"He oft times told Mrs. Crawford, in anguish of heart, that if only his wife and daughters would follow the Lord and be *one* heart with him in living a Christian life, he felt that he could bear up under the abuse and persecution of his step-mother; and the last visit we made them, before mother died, we decided they were quite the most unpromising three people anywhere.

"But what a change has come over them now! And truly it has come by the Holy Spirit working through Bro. Lun and changing him so thoroughly that those in his home can but be changed accordingly. Formerly he was an opium smoker, was separated from his wife, and cared only for making money. Now he is living at home, takes pains to teach his daughters, and is so kind to his wife, that she has fully decided to become a Christian. He plans to start his daughters to school here at the New Year, and unbind their feet. All these changes are of the Holy Spirit, and they make our hearts rejoice. He is a careful student of the Bible, and seems very anxious to know what the Lord requires of him as a minister of the gospel. Each day we were there crowds of women,—his neighbors and others he had gathered in,—came to listen to the gospel. They came every day. Some of them thereby showing their real interest. Six Christians out there have been led to the Lord through him."

So we find we do not need free schools and medical dispensaries, supported with money given by God's people as a sacred trust, for giving the gospel to those who have it not, to "draw," if Christ be lifted up. Such practices "have the form of godliness, but deny the power theory." We believe and stand for a gospel that has power to draw and hold its followers.

We believe in schools and Christian benevolence, but let these things grow naturally as a fruit of Christianity. It is ours to preach the gospel, and "teach them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," and let the fruits of the Spirit develop naturally as they grow from "babes in Christ" into men and women in Christ Jesus, and seeing the righteousness of such things they will provide for themselves and their children. This is to plant Christianity on its natural, self-propagating basis, while to furnish such fruit in advance of Christianity is to reverse heaven's order, and cultivate parasites that subsist on the fruits of Christianity from other countries, rather than strong fruit-bearing followers of Jesus.

Since my first article appeared in the February issue we have received, and are still receiving, numerous inquiries for sample copies of *Our Missionary Helper*, a monthly paper, published at Decatur, Ga., indorsing and advocating Bible missions, or the giving of the Gospel to all unbelievers at home and abroad, leaving off all subsidizing methods of making and holding "converts." The *Helper* brings news each month from the home workers and from the foreign field.

Communications

"WHAT THE PAPA DID FOR ERIN, ETC."

HON. THOS. E. WATSON:—Wish to be informed upon the following questions, which have annoyed me considerably:

(1) Some Catholics with whom I am acquainted claim that the French Government, during the recent separation of Church and State, unlawfully confiscated the property belonging to the Catholic church.

Please explain fully.

(2) I have read your article in the October number entitled, "What the Papa did for Ireland." Have had considerable discussion upon the subject, but my friends insist that the Bull supposed to have been signed by Pope Aldrin IV., authorizing Henry II. to take possession of Ireland, was a rank forgery; it was only a trick by which the English Government might overthrow Ireland.

Please mention your leading historians upholding your position.

I was informed that all fair historians agree it is a forgery.

I have always considered you to be a fair historian, and can not very well relent in sustaining you on that point.

Yours very truly,

Leeds, N. Dak. WM. D. CONWAY.

ANSWER.

(1) The French Government merely *divorced* itself from the Catholic church, and ceased to tax the people $10,000,000 a year for its benefit. This had borne heavily upon Protestants, Freethinkers, and non-church members generally.

Certain monasteries and nunneries were broken up, for very sufficient reasons. The churches were required to come under the control of the State, just as they have to do in this country. No war whatever was made on religion. Most of those who voted for and enforced the law, are Catholics.

Aubrey's "Rise and Growth of the English Nation", volume I., page 201, et seq., contains the following story of the trade between the King and the Pope:

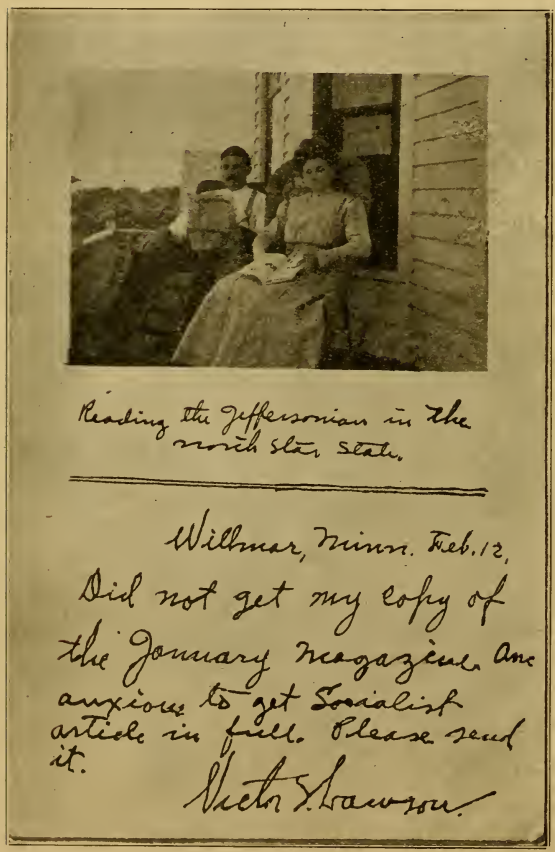
"Nicholas Breakspeare, known as Adrian IV. (b. 1100, r. 1154-1159), is the one Pope of English origin. He was a novice in the renowned St. Alban's Benedictine Abbey; and was the confidential friend of John of Salisbury. Unlike some of his predecessors and successors, he was not a controversial or a militant Pontiff; but he possessed rare constructive gifts. He showed much organizing power and missionary zeal, and in some respects was a reformer of abuses. A more questionable renown attaches to him by reason of a Bull issued in the second year of his reign; authorizing the conquest of Ireland by Henry II. The customary assumption of authority was made in this document: 'You have advertised us, dear son in Christ, of your design of an expedition into Ireland, to subject the island to just laws, and to root out vice. *You promise to pay us out of every house a yearly acknowledgement of one penny, and to maintain the rights of the Church. We consent and allow that you make a descent on that island.* We exhort you to do whatever you shall think proper to advance the honour of God and the salvation of the people, *whom we charge to submit to your jurisdiction*, and to own you for their sovereign lord; provided always that the rights of the Church are inviolably observed, *and the Peter-Pence duly paid.*'

"As with the Norman invasion of England, and as in many similar cases of the violation of international comity, this was a mere matter of barter. Supposed spiritual sanctions were given to acts of flagrant wrong, in return for material offerings. The particular assumptions in the Bull were alien to the known facts. Seven centuries before, in the pontificate of Celestinus I. (A. D. 432), missionary labours had been carried on in Ireland; indissolubly associated with the names of St. Patrick, St. Columba, and St. Gall. Numerous monasteries and churches were built, from which celebrated teachers went forth to evangelize other lands. The Irish Church retained its independence of Rome; electing its own bishops and managing its own affairs, down to the time of the Norman invasion of England. Tithes and Peter's Pence were not paid; the Roman ritual and canon law, and Roman rules as to marriage were not observed. This was the head and front of the offence. Archbishop Lanfranc sought to bring about in Ireland what he termed a reformation of abuses in the Church; which was a euphemism for an attempted ecclesiastical subjugation. Very partial success followed his endeavours. One Irish bishop came over in 1074 to receive consecration; having been first elected in accordance with ancient local usages. The precedent was occasionally followed in after years; chiefly by bishops of Irish towns where Danish settlements existed. Sometimes, also, an interchange of greetings and of mutual offices took place. An Irish ecclesiastic was called in by the married clergy of England to plead their cause at the Synod of Calne, in 977, and his eloquence could only be met by an arbitrary exercise of authority on the part of Dunstan. The famous school of Glastonbury was originally an Irish settlement. There was no dis-

position on the part of the Irish clergy to acknowledge the supremacy which Rome succeeded in establishing over the greater part of Christendom. Henry the Second's ambitious project to conquer Ireland furnished a long coveted opportunity to Rome to effect the spiritual subjugation of the country. *The highest ecclesiastical sanction was given to a deed of violence and rapine.* Dr. Lingard says, 'The Pontiff, who must have smiled at the hypocrisy of Henry, praised in his reply the piety of his dutiful son.'"

Hume's "History of England", Volume I., page 345, relates it in the following manner:

"Adrian, therefore, in the year 1156, issued a bull in favor of Henry, in which, after premising that this prince had ever shown an anxious care to enlarge the Church of God on earth and to increase the number of his saints and elect in heaven, he represents his design of subduing Ireland as derived from the same pious motives; he considers his care of previously applying for the apostolic sanction as a sure earnest of success and victory; and, having established it as a point incontestable, that all Christian kingdoms belong to the patrimony of St. Peter, he acknowledges it to be his own duty to sow among them the seeds of the gospel, which might in the last day fructify to their eternal salvation. *He exhorts the king to invade Ireland, in order to extirpate the vice and wickedness of the natives, and oblige them to pay yearly from every house a penny to the See of Rome;* he gives him entire right and authority over the island, commands all the inhabitants to obey him as their sovereign, and invests with full power all such godly instruments as he should think proper to employ in an enterprise thus calculated for the glory of God and the salvation of the souls of men. Henry, though armed with this authority, did not immediatelp put his design in execution, but, being detained by more interesting business on the Continent, waited for a favorable opportunity of invading Ireland."



In the "History of England and the British Empire", by Edgar Sanderson, M. A., late scholar of Clark College, Cambridge), page 139, occurs this statement:

"At an early part of his reign, Henry had thought of the subjection of Ireland, and in 1155 he had obtained a bull for the purpose from Pope Adrian IV., whose lay name was Nicholas Breakspeare, and who was the only Englishman who reached that exalted post. In theory, the enterprise was to be a kind of crusade, in which Henry was to implant a real Christianity, win the land for the Papal See, *and enforce the payment of Peter's Pence.*"

To say that this celebrated Bull by which the Norman King, Henry II., obtained from the Pope the right to make a conquest of Ireland, is a forgery, is just as brazen a statement as would be the assertion that the Bill of

Rights, or the Great Charter, are forgeries. The Edict of Nantes is not a more historic document than the infamous Bull which was the original source of Ireland's centuries of misery.

(See also "Knight's Popular History of England", p. 89. Also, Green's larger "History of the English People", Vol. 1., p. 167.)

GEN. "JOE" WHEELER'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS MEN.

DEAR SIR:—Here is the farewell address of Gen. Joseph Wheeler, delivered to his men at the close of the war:

Headquarters Cavalry Corps,
April 29, 1865.

GALLANT COMRADES:—You have fought your battle, your task is done. During a four years' struggle for liberty, you have exhibited courage, fortitude and devotion; you are the sole victors of more than two hundred severely contested fields; you have participated in more than a thousand successful conflicts of arms; you are heroes, veterans, patriots; the bones of your comrades mark battlefields upon the soil of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi; you have done all that human exertion could accomplish. In bidding you adieu, I desire to tender my thanks for your gallantry in battle, your fortitude under suffering, and your devotion at all times to the holy cause you have done so much to maintain. I desire, also, to express my gratitude for the kind feeling you have seen fit to extend towards myself, and to invoke upon you the blessings of our Heavenly Father, to whom we must always look for support in the hour of distress.

"Brethren in the cause, of freedom, comrades in arms, I bid you farewell.

"JOSEPH WHEELER."

I was with General Wheeler up to the 22d day of November, 1864. I was wounded at Grizwood, Ga., and I am carrying the lead in my flesh today. Your true admirer,

Albertville, Ala. P. T. MCBRAYER.

ROMAN CATHOLIC ARTICLES WILL FOLLOW SOCIALIST CHAPTER IN MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR:—Enclosed find $1.00; run up the figures on my subscription for the weekly JEFFERSONIAN.

I get more information from your paper on passing events than any other paper to be had. In fact your periodicals are the only ones that are not *muzzled*.

I am looking forward with interest to when you will give us a few chapters on Roman Catholicism. Glad you are turning your thoughts in that direction. I am expecting you to prove yourself the Martin Luther of the twentieth century. Long may you live, a bold defender of the truth as you see it. Send me a Watson knife for a memento.

Rome, Ga. G. W. FLEETWOOD.

SOME LIGHT WANTED ON WOOL TARIFF.

DEAR SIR:—It occurred to me to ask you to rip open and "tell aloud the juggling, hocuspocus," bunco game of the woolen schedule of the Paine-Aldrich tariff of abominations. "Wool, or part wool, hair of any animal, even to hog hair," any conglomeration with wool enough mixed with same to wad a shotgun, makes a $10.00 suit, weight six pounds, taxable as a suit, specific 44 cents per pound,, "six pounds," 44 cents per pound, $2.64; advalorem on same, 60 per cent. on $10.00, $6.00; a $25.00 suit, specific and advalorem, $17.50, or enough of the tax added to keep the competitor on the outside of the wall. In any event, as you know the competitor don't scale the wall to compete. All this and more in a country of cheapest raw material in the world. And in addition to this, 90 per cent. of our clothing, the product of the machine; all in all, our clothing costing us 30 to 50 per cent. more (quality not considered) than in any country in Europe. I've been in close touch with the wool industry of Wyoming, Colorado and Montana for years, in each of which States the flocks are ranged on the open Government range, year in and year out; no expense to owner, except care that they don't stray or are destroyed by predatory wolves. The bands, as we call them, number from 2,500 to 3,000, are cared for by one herder at $50.00 per month, his board $20.00 per month; he does his own cooking, lives in a sheep wagon, moves from place to place, like the shepherds of old, when the need comes for new pastures—does all this summer and winter. This expense, $70.00 so far, and in addition the cost and board of two shepherd dogs used to assist in the care of the sheep, with a few incidentals, such as dipping for scab, shearing, etc., makes up the cost of running a band of 3,000 sheep on God's grass. Now, they will shear six pounds wool, at 25 cents in the dirt, $1.50 per head; increase from bunch ewes, 85 per cent., so that from 100 ewes they can safely count 85 lambs as the year's crop, worth as feeders $3.50; the wool more than pays the expense of running the herd, the lamb crop is, therefore, clear profit, so that on a $5.00 ewe the profit is 50 per cent, and the ewe left to repeat the operation the next year. Now, in the face of all the foregoing, Aldrich and Paine, to insure these fellows a "reasonable profit," and, incidentally, to keep Wyoming among God's anointed, politically speaking, gave them 11 cents in the dirt, so that wool "yarn, wool or part wool," cloth wool or part wool, hair of any animal, including the whole goat family, suit of clothes, as a suit, same kidney of conglomerations, with prohibitive duties on all, and their old coat, like the king, never dying, immortal through the shoddy mill, we are surely up against a condition, quoting Bro. Bryan, that is "indefensible and intolerable." I sometimes wonder if some one or more of William Henry's of high protection had been on hand, on creation's morning, at the time when God had first in contemplation the making of a sheep, and these same had called God's attention to the fact that "part wool," even in homeopathic

doses, such as now clothes the American people, was a better protection to the sheep than all wool, whether God would ever have caused wool to grow on the sheep; surely one or other is wrong, either God, who put wool on the sheep, or the W. H.'s, who would have covered him with ground rags mixed with cotton, or God has still something to learn about the construction of a sheep. However that may be, I can't help the conclusion that God was right then in the fixing of the sheep, as He fixed him in the beginning, and the William Henrys are all wrong, now and ever. Now, I mean only in the foregoing to call your attention to the hunger of the average man for light along the lines mentioned, as you, no doubt, well know most writers and speakers, in discussing the tariff, shoot way over the heads of the average everyday fellow; they don't look through the hind sight (so to speak) when they shoot, and as a rule (like that battle in heaven), no one is killed, wounded, or converted. What I want, and I feel that I voice the wants of the many, is to commence at the A B C of the matter and learn from the foundation up. I've been in the fight since Cooper and 1876, and except a dose of Bryan in 1896 and 1900, for which may I receive forgiveness, for I've had more than enough, I've been in line ever since, and expect to continue in line, come weal, come woe. I'm now seventy and, but for the infirmity of years, full of fight as ever, for that matter, we old "Pops" are all, every one, fighters, built that way, and for the best of reasons *why*, we don't think, *we know we are right*. Now, if you conclude to take up with my suggestion, that this is a time of hungering and thirsting for light among the people, along the lines suggested, please to also ventilate the sugar schedule, how they catch us for double price for sugar, two-thirds raw on free list, one market and one price for raw. Southern planter selling raw, freight to Hamburg off, as also the why of the infamous "16 Dutch standard in color," making color bar everything above, though the polariscope may show 99 per cent pure color bars it as raw, so we pay same as for refined. Don't think I am trying to instruct, I'm only telling you what I want fully explained, me and a host of others. I want to do missionary work, same as among the benighted.

I am yours truly,

Sheridan, Wyo. L. P. Hamilton.

WANTS COLOR OF NEW YORK EDITOR.

Dear Sir:—Would you mind inquiring, and letting your readers know through the Magazine, whether the editor of the New York Evening Post is a white man or a negro.

Bristol, Tenn. A Subscriber.

ANSWER.

His skin is white. Can't say as to his interior. Seems to regret that he is not a sure-enough nigger. Sorry that he isn't.

SOME VIEWS ON UNION LABOR.

Dear Sir:—I gave your Mr. R. A. S. Freeman my order yesterday and $1.00 subscription to your Magazine. I asked him how you stood in regard to *Union labor*. If agreeable. I would be glad to hear your candid views on this question through the columns of your Magazine. Do you contend that a person or corporation shall manage his or their own business, or should he submit to the dictation of labor union *leaders* as to how he should conduct and run his business?

Personally, I am not opposed to labor unions, but I am decidedly opposed to the methods of some of their leaders, who lead the unions into by and thorny paths, etc.

I would be glad to hear your views on this subject.

Very sincerely yours,

Talladega, Ala., F. J. Goudd.

ANSWER.

This being the era of soulless commercialism, the laboring classes would be like sheep before the wolves, if they did not organize for self-protection.

It is seldom that a Labor Union tries to dictate to an employer—though it occasionally happens that a leader mounts the high horse. Human nature is just human, whether the man live in a tenement or a palace. Some of the hardest hearted of the capitalists were once wage-earners. *As their self-interest underwent a change, so did their way of looking at things.*

I certainly believe that every man is entitled to the control of his own business; but he must duly regard the rights and the feelings of others. He should not only be willing to pay what the work is reasonably worth, but he should be considerate of those who are in his employ.

The closed and open shop question presents the greatest difficulty. I can see, very clearly, that, if *all* shops were open, Labor would soon be at the mercy of capital. On the other hand, it is equally clear that were *all* shops "closed", Labor would have Capital flat of its back. Under either system—carried to its full, logical development—*individual freedom would be gone.*

With all the shops "open," the small capitalist would take his orders from the big one. With all the shops "closed," the individual worker would lose his individuality. The Union would be the empire, and whatever inner clique manipulated it, would exercise despotic power over the men.

As matters now stand, the Unions act as *regulators of wages*, and the trend is steadily upward.

But if all the laborers were Unionized and all the corporations merged into Trusts—we common folks would have to take to the woods.

T. E. W,

Classified Column

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As an entertainer "Capt. Jack" is a *sui generis* and altogether unique, and I commend him to any who want strength combined with gentleness, poetry with eloquence and the true artistic in a picturesque setting.

Yours truly, (Signed) J. S. DAVIS,
Mayor of Albany, Cashier of First National Bank and Sup't. of Georgia Chautauqua.

And this from the Governor of Georgia: April 28, 1903.

Having to-day heard Capt. Jack Crawford, the Poet Scout, lecture before the Chautauqua Assembly, I voluntarily bear testimony to the picturesqueness of his personality, the earnestness and eloquence of his address and fine moral tone of all that he said. His patriotic sentiments and fraternal devotion to the future unity of heart and purpose in our native land deserve to be heard and applauded by men and women of all politics, religions and national ambitions of the best character.

(Signed) J. M. TERRELL.

His three entertainments at the Hawkinsville Chautauqua, with Gov. Bob Taylor, Tom Watson and Sam Jones, were pronounced the most enjoyable medley of quaint, sparkling humor and touching pathos ever heard.—Atlanta *Constitution.*

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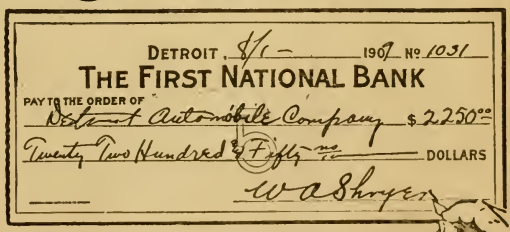

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